THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, June 12, 1954

VICKY: Sir Robert Boothby

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVII. No. 1214 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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I Am as Death, the Destroyer of Worlds . . .

ON the morning of 16 July, 1945, J. Robert Oppenheimer, clinging to a post in the New Mexican desert, waited for the blast of the atomic bomb which he, more than any other single man, was responsible for constructing. As "the brilliance of a thousand suns" filled the sky, Oppenheimer recalls having recited to himself a passage from the Bhagavad Gita, the Hindu Song of Songs: "I am become as death—the destroyer of worlds."

Four years later, the man who had usurped the powers of Sri Krishna was asked to beget an even greater bomb. As the leading consultant to the Atomic Energy Commission, he had to prepare the scientific appraisal, and, with the support of the majority of his colleagues on the Commission, advised against it. He had the support of Mr. David Lilienthal, the Chairman, but his attitude infuriated Admiral Strauss, chief advocate of the H-bomb, who later replaced Lilienthal as Chairman. It was Strauss who, last December, suspended Oppenheimer, and, with the backing of Eisenhower, placed a "blank wall" between him and security information.

We need not be sorry for Oppenheimer personally; he will be happier, we hope, at work with colleagues like Einstein, as director of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton. But let us be clear why he is dismissed. It is not because he was a "Red" in his salad days, or because of his "lack of frankness" at an earlier investigation. His past associations with Communists were known and condoned by Security; and, as the Gordon Gray Board emphatically states, he is, admittedly and without reservation, "a loyal and discreet citizen." Clearly the point of substance against him is that he advised against the making of H-bombs when his advice was asked. There is no suggestion that he hindered work on them after the decision was made. One reason for his opposition may even have been a distaste for making an incalculable weapon; a means of mass destruction which, as Sir George Thompson was later to declare, is "inefficient" because its margin of error is terrifyingly unpredictable.

There are two comments which honest men are making all over the world. The first could not be better stated than in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists (U.S.).

> In so far as Dr. Oppenheimer's opposition was based on the then existent nuclear technology, it was shared by several other very able men. . . . So far as his objections were moral and political, he was entitled to his opinion as a man, and it would be absurd to say that all doubts on these scores have been resolved or perhaps ever can be resolved. . . . The Government could have exercised the privilege of any government to change its advisers without challenging their patriotism. It is over two hundred years since English-speaking people found it necessary to involve people in high places in a suspicion of treason in order to dispense with their advice.

The second comment is that Oppenheimer has been sacked, as everyone knows, in order to prevent McCarthy making capital by exposing "Reds who have held up the H-bomb." History seldom forgives such political cowardice as Eisenhower's. Ten prominent men, writing to the President on behalf of the Federation of American Scientists, say that the "purge of a loyal scientist for giving frank advice constitutes a peril to our nation." Eminent U.S. physicists have pointed out that it is becoming dangerous in America for a scientist to make an important contribution. Professor Linus Pauling suggests that they "should be careful that their contribution is not important"!

But the scientist is not alone in peril. An American Administration which is intimidated by McCarthy and his many imitators appears to be approaching that Totalitarian pit where it becomes an offence for any public servant to have given advice which is rejected. It is not only Iron Curtain countries which thus suffer from lack of honest advice and information. At home and abroad, American public servants fear to report unpalatable facts or give candid advice, lest they suffer the fate of the "bearer of ill tidings" under the tyrants of Antiquity.

Slow Progress at Geneva

This week's plenary sessions at the Geneva Conference did nothing to carry the issues in Indo-China nearer settlement. It was ominous that the Communists stiffly opposed Mr. Eden's proposal that the task of supervising an armistice should be entrusted to the five Colombo Powers—Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia and Pakistan. These nations are as impartial as any States can be in a world of cold war; and they could operate on the basis of majority decisions—unlike the Supervisory Commission, which Mr. Molotov still advocates, composed of representatives of Poland, Czechoslovakia, India and Pakistan. Significantly, the American delegate also gave a frigid reception to the British Foreign Secretary's plan to make Asian Powers assume the responsibility for supervising the armistice; but on this point we feel sure that Mr. Eden is right and deserves full support.

As for Mr. Molotov's proposal that the Conference should now proceed to discuss military and political questions at alternate sessions, it is possible that the intention is merely to prolong the talks and thus give more time for successful Viet Minh operations before any cease-fire. On the other hand, though the Conference got going only when it decided to discuss, as a separate initial question, how to secure a "stand-still" and a regrouping of forces, it is difficult to see how cease-fire negotiations could ever be completed without reference to political questions. What could be more "political" than the problem of regrouping French troops if that were to involve the evacuation of the Delta? Similarly, a political issue is certainly implied in Chou En-lai's insistence that the West's demand for the withdrawal of "resistance armies" from Laos and Cambodia is "unacceptable." By Wednesday night, deadlock seemed near, though it is possible that the Communists may have in mind the fact that M. Laniel's chances of surviving turn on his ability to impress the Assembly with the likelihood of a cease-fire.

Co-operators Take Stock

Mr. H. J. Twigg, of Plymouth, this year's President of the Co-operative Congress, told the assembled delegates at Scarborough that, contrary to an opinion often held, the Co-operative movement, as a trading concern, is not losing ground. In money terms, it has increased its retail turnover during the past four years by 26 per cent., as against a 24 per cent. increase for all traders reporting to the Board of Trade. Its aggregate of £750 million is about one-tenth of all consumers' supplies. Dividends on purchases, however, have been falling; and Mr. Twigg took to task those Societies which have tried to maintain them at the expense of setting aside adequate reserves. With the lapsing of the "controls," the Co-operative Societies are now facing a more highly competitive market; and many of them are too small to provide an adequate range of services on modern lines. There have been a number of amalgamations; but Mr. Twigg, whose own Society serves a very wide area, wants many more. Both he and Mr. Burke, the Labour Party's fraternal delegate at the Congress, referred to the relations between the Labour Party and the Co-operative movement, emphasising the community of aims, but agreeing that too little attention had been given in the past to the Co-operative point of view in framing projects of nationalisation. Mr. Twigg, indeed, said that the failure of friends to appreciate the possibilities of Co-operation was "exasperating to a degree"—an attitude which hardly takes due account of the remarkably negative line that has usually been taken by the Co-operative leaders when they have been asked to formulate their own ideas. This charge is not valid against the Co-operative Party, which has been fertile in constructive projects; but the Party is apt to find itself snubbed when it comes up against the strong conservatism of many of the local Societies.

Gold Coast Elections

On June 15 the Gold Coast holds its first nation-wide direct election. In 1951, Mr. Nkrumah led the Convention Peoples Party into power from prison with a programme dominated by the party slogan "Freedom." Now the struggle is over, and only the details of independence await the next Government, which will be an all-African Cabinet responsible to an all-African Assembly. This election is being fought on personalities rather than on policies: independence and the Volta River Project are taken for granted.

There is little doubt that the C.P.P. will secure a working majority, though the Opposition, or rather the opponents of the C.P.P., may win a fair number of seats. This is partly because of the dissensions within the C.P.P., which have led independent C.P.P. men to contest a good many seats, partly because the Opposition parties have come to a better degree of electoral understanding than had been expected, and partly because of the formation two months ago of the Northern Peoples Party, which may well win fifteen of the twenty-six seats in the Northern Territories.

The Opposition attitude is a blend of conservatism, traditionalism and the old-style anti-imperialism, and it also attracts the intelligentsia, who are quick to criticise the weaknesses of the C.P.P. and consider that it has a disregard for intellectual independence. There is the Ghana Congress Party, which was formed since the last election and provided most of the opposition in the last House: it is putting up about 25 candidates. The Northern Peoples Party, or its sympathisers, is contesting every one of the Northern seats. The recently formed Moslem Association Party is believed to be putting up about 16 candidates. There are one or two other tiny parties. And, finally, there is the Togoland Congress Party, which is putting up five candidates for the six seats in southern British Togoland. If it wins no more than two of the five seats, it may become well known to the world. It could even delay the date of Gold Coast independence by creating an embarrassing degree of ill-feeling between the Gold Coast and British Governments on the one hand and the United Nations on the other.

NEXT WEEK

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PARIS

M. Faure's Rising Star

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Recent economic statistics have been received with great satisfaction in French financial circles. In April, the index of industrial production rose to 156 (compared with 152 in March), by far the highest level since the war. This increase in production was accompanied by other favourable developments. At the beginning of May, the consumer price index stood at 144.2, compared with 145.5 in 1953. Unemployment fell slightly during the first four months of 1954, and though the Ministry of Labour predict a drop of employment in the armament industry during the summer months, this will be more than offset by increased activity in the automobile, building and agricultural industries. Similarly, continued financial stability, plus a marked improvement in the situation of the Treasury in 1953, have led to a rise in investment. During the first three months of 1954, contraction of credit was lower (by £40 million) than in the corresponding period of 1953, and private savings, which rose by 7 per cent. in 1953, continued to increase. Even more spectacular advances were made in the field of foreign exchange. Details of France's balance of payments position, announced last week by M. Faure, show that the deficit fell from $659 million in 1952 to $220 million in 1953. This last figure excludes $350 million of American aid to Indo-China which, if included, would have given a positive balance. A breakdown of the 1953 figures shows that a negative balance of $276 million in the first semester was succeeded by a positive balance of $56 million in the second—a hopeful augury for 1954. Admittedly, this advance was due principally to an increase in American aid and a drop in imports (rather than increases in exports) but there are already signs that the progressive reduction in import quotas (introduced by M. Faure in the teeth of heavy opposition from the more conservative elements in the cabinet) is having a favourable effect. At the end of last month, M. Baumgartner, Governor of the Banque de France, hinted that France might soon be in a position to take positive steps towards convertibility. Her E.P.U. position has improved greatly since 1953 and the recent decision to reconsider the future of the Union in July, 1955, did not provoke undue alarm in Paris. It is generally thought, however, that the French Government will not allow itself to be hustled into convertibility by Dr. Erhart unless and until it can dispense with American aid—and this is a very remote target.

Against this encouraging background, M. Faure presented his "eighteen-month plan" to the Economic Council at the end of May. The plan had been approved by the Cabinet in February and its principles—de-budgetisation of investments, accompanied by tax revisions in favour of private investment—were already well known. On this occasion, however, M. Faure was able to present in detail the objects he hopes to achieve by next June. These include a 10 per cent. increase in national production, a 10.7 per cent. increase in wages and salaries and a 40 per cent. increase in investments. The plan has been heavily criticised in Left-wing circles for its anti-Labour bias, and there is no doubt who benefits most from the increase in national

income. Recent company reports indicate a steady rise in profits and dividends, and industrial values increased by £400 million last year—a figure equal to the total calculated increase in wages and salaries for the whole of M. Faure's eighteen-month period. M. Faure's latest series of measures (tax relief for companies drawing up specialisation agreements and financial encouragement of mergers) have also been attacked, on the grounds that they encourage monopolies. Finally, it is widely thought that the industrial production target, set for 165 in June, 1955, is too low in view of the fact that industry is currently operating at 70-75 per cent. capacity.

Such criticisms carry little weight in the financial and Parliamentary circles which govern France. After initial hesitation, they are now favourably disposed towards M. Faure. Indeed, among the general débris of the present Government, he stands out as a solitary and heroic figure, who has succeeded in injecting a watery dose of Butskellism into France's sick economy. The party managers, according to most reports, have now decided that he will be M. Laniel's successor. The accompanying change of Government will be unspectacular and (it is hoped) speedy. The most unpopular Ministers, M. Pleven and M. Laniel himself, will be dropped, but M. Bidault, as the price of M.R.P. support, will remain at the Quai d'Orsay; the other Ministers will simply indulge in a graceful reshuffle. And M. Mendès-France, the admonitory angel hovering in the outer darkness, will continue to hover.

ROME

Delicate Moments

Our Rome Correspondent writes: After eight months of anxious negotiation, there is at last some hope of Trieste being settled on the lines of the brusque Allied declaration of last October. Marshal Tito is believed to have accepted in principle a partition plan based roughly on the frontier between Zones A and B; and while Italy formally refuses to accept less than Zone A, and will accept this only as a "provisional" solution, agreement now seems nearer than at any time since the crisis became acute. Washington is clearly anxious to conclude the bargaining.

Some weeks ago, sources close to the Government were still hinting that the votes of the Monarchists would be welcome in support of the narrow Coalition majority for E.D.C.: but Signor Covelli, the Monarchist leader, appeared unwilling to offer his support except in exchange for certain political assurances, which only the Right Wing of the Demochristian Party was eager to give. At the recent Monarchist National Council, however, the long-standing rivalry between Signor Covelli and Signor Lauro, millionaire shipbuilder and Mayor of Naples, was intensified by this very issue. Then last week came open rupture and the formation by Signor Lauro of a splinter group, the Popular Monarchist Party. Its programme is so far vague: but since it is avowedly "progressive" and hints at approval of E.D.C., some observers credit Lauro with Demochristian backing, while others link his policy with his own professional interests. In fact, however, the present split was threatened as long ago as last September, and was hastened earlier this year when Lauro was obliged as Mayor of Naples to renounce his seat in the Senate. Moreover, despite considerable support in Naples, where Lauro owns the daily *Roma*, the P.M.P. is unlikely to muster more than half a dozen ex-Monarchist votes in Parliament. Its support for E.D.C. would thus be outweighed by its alienation of Covelli's Monarchist votes, which can now hardly be canvassed in isolation. Small wonder that the Demochristian Right Wing and Catholic Action regard the P.M.P. as a dog in the manger come between them and the extreme Right.

A further delicate situation arose last week when *franc-tireurs* among the Government's supporters defeated its attempt to postpone Parliamentary discussion of Signor Nenni's proposal for the repeal of the 1953 Electoral Law. This is the "*legge truffa*" which assigns 64.5 per cent. of seats in the Chamber to any coalition with a simple electoral majority; but last June it failed to win the day for the Demochristians, and merely earned itself a bad name. Forming his Centre Coalition last February, Signor Scelba promised the "lay democratic" parties a commission to study proportional representation. This is strongly opposed by the Premier's former mentor, Don Luigi Sturzo; and by the end of March the Left Wing of the Social Democrats, led by the Turin deputy Signor Bonfantini, had had to remind Signor Scelba of his promise. The latest airing of the question coincides with the Social-Democratic Congress, where certain elements seem also to have doubts about E.D.C. Since even the Communists now link E.D.C. with Trieste, current internal difficulties may yet stiffen the Government's attitude towards the Allied terms.

NAIROBI

Divided Settler Opinion

A Correspondent in Kenya writes: The composition of the new Council of Ministers in Nairobi, which is just getting down to work, gives little hope that it will prove an instrument adequate to create the multi-racial society which alone, in the long run, can lead to peace in Kenya. But, if the manner of its inception remains an affront to politically conscious African opinion, its very existence, and the fact that Africans, Asians and Europeans are sharing collective responsibility, is likely to widen the split among the European settlers which first began to manifest itself soon after the Declaration of Emergency in 1952. Until recently, the European Electors' Union could speak with one voice for settlers all over the Colony; but gradually, as the ruling elements in the Electors' Union realised that the only way to persuade Whitehall to give more power to the settlers was for the settlers to pretend that they were willing to share that power with the other races, two voices began to be heard. Policy was more or less the same; but the allegedly "liberal" elements employed the language of moderation, while the rest continued to call a spade a spade. Soon the latter broke away and formed the White Highlands Party, now renamed the Federal Independence Party; the former were content to work through the overall structure of the Electors' Union.

Now the "liberals" are understood to be coming out in the open with a full-fledged political party of their own. Its main purpose, it seems, will be (*a*) to fight the Federal Independence Party, which is threatening to put up candidates at the next General Election; and (*b*) to oppose any measure of reversion to greater Colonial Office control.

The fashion here is to refer to the Federalists as the most "extreme" opinion in the European community; the truth merely is that they are the least hypocritical. Both sections of the settlers believe in White Domination; but while the Federalists admit it, the others prefer to cloak the crude intention in the gentler phrase, "the preservation of the Western way of life for as long as we can foresee." Thus, the White split holds little comfort for the other races, who will have to continue to fend for themselves—against mounting odds. For example, the Africans are still without a political organisation of their own—despite the fact that it is now almost a year since the Legislative Council accepted an African motion (amended by the Government) that if the African Members of the Council submitted a proposed constitution, the Government would consider it. An African Member tells me that a constitution—rejecting a tribal basis of organisation but accepting a provincial basis—was sent to the Government several months ago, but that nothing at all has been heard of it.

The Trouble in the Jails

When the Government were pressed last week to appoint an independent committee of inquiry into conditions at Wandsworth Prison, Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth gave the House of Commons a welcome indication of official concern in the form of a nod and a half-promise. But how much would such an inquiry expose that is not already known? Is the work of the 1952 Select Committee on Expenditure so soon forgotten? It revealed conditions in all the prisons that might well provoke mutiny. It is true that there are the usual discrepancies between the Home Office statement after the recent Wandsworth disturbance and the true facts and figures as they must be known inside the prison—especially as to the proportion of prison officers to prisoners. But such discrepancies do not necessarily represent any official duplicity—there is a chronic irrelation, to be found in every branch of Government service, between routine statements of "staff on the strength" and the numbers actually available for duty. As for Sir Hugh's references to the "treatment" available at Wandsworth for psychopaths, this may be no more than a euphemism for the fact that Wandsworth has two medical officers instead of the usual one: treatment is a useful word, but although difficult prisoners are sometimes "investigated" there, it means little more than that they are watched and weighed.

But the prison service is now going through its most difficult time since its adoption by the Home Office in 1877. Three conflicting influences are at work upon it. First, a new atmosphere in penology, comprising a greater reliance on the indeterminate sentence and on training as a substitute for retribution; secondly, and to some extent inimically to the first, the post-war policy of judicial severity—the growing frequency of ten-year sentences is greatly slowing down the turnover in prison populations; and thirdly, a growing ideological gap between officers of and above the rank of assistant governor (or Borstal housemaster) and the rank-and-file of the prison service—the "discipline staff." Moreover, the rank-and-file jobs no longer attract the best type of man who used to join, and it would not necessarily further the Prison Commissioners' plans if they did: a new kind of man is needed. Neither, however,

do they appear to attract anyone else: only one per cent. of the men who inquire about joining the service ever become members of it.

The main causes of unrest in the prison service, and of these occasional outbreaks on the part of prisoners, are known: overcrowding, shortage of staff, old and insanitary buildings (the daily "slopping-out" process is so primitively filthy as to be almost past endurance), insufficient work for the prisoners, and the fact that the greatly lengthened "association" periods have enormously increased the trouble-making opportunities of the psychopath—the newly recognised "non-sane-non-insane" type of prisoner who is almost invariably the cause of unrest and violence.

These men should never be at large among normal prisoners. They are quite unlikely to benefit from psychotherapeutic treatment, but they do need particular management under medical supervision. In addition to the mentally subnormal and chronically feckless types for whom prison has almost come to be the inevitable end, the psychopaths include men temporarily unstable or helpless to adapt themselves to prison life, perhaps to discipline of any kind. "Treatment," training and rehabilitation for these men are quite impossible in a busy local prison such as Wandsworth, even when it is not overcrowded. The Prison Commissioners, at least, are in no doubt that they can only be dealt with satisfactorily in a special kind of institution, concentrating psychotherapeutic treatment in a suitable building carefully equipped and staffed, not only for training and treating the mentally abnormal, but for research into the relationship between mental disorder and crime.

It was for these reasons that Sir Norwood East, late medical commissioner of prisons, and Dr. W. H. Hubert, late psychotherapist at Wormwood Scrubs, proposed in 1939, in their monumental Report on the Psychological Treatment of Crime, the immediate establishment of one or more such special prisons, which have been pre-natally christened the East-Hubert Institutions. As yet none has been established. Every attempt to do so—the latest at Grendon Underwood, in Buckinghamshire, is typical—has been defeated by the organised opposition of local residents.

We are convinced that the East-Hubert institution is the greatest need of the prison system at this moment. But, however generally obvious its value may in time become, a variety of circumstances—of which the Straffen case is one—will almost inevitably defeat every such proposal while local opinion is to be the deciding factor.

If that be accepted as true, the problem becomes a mere search for the second-best; and there, in a phrase, you have the mainspring of English prison administration for the last twenty years. Since the war, in particular, an increase in prisoners has coincided with a lengthening of their average sentences and the taking-over of whole blocks of cells for use as communal mess-rooms, class-rooms, offices, store-rooms and workshops. It has also been accompanied by growing difficulty in finding work for prisoners to do, and the concomitant problem of rehabilitating men who must perforce spend seventeen hours a day in their cells.

There is one remaining problem of unrecognised importance in prison life—the incidence of a kind of resentful hypochondria. Many prisoners are convinced that the diet is inadequate and that they are losing weight. They seldom, if ever, do lose weight, for the diet is nutritionally good; and if they actually gain in weight they usually blame "excessive starch." But it seems a peculiarly clumsy feature of prison administration that the truth about a prisoner's weight is always withheld from him—he is not even allowed to see the reading on the medical officer's scales when he is weighed. There is, indeed, a feeling among some of the less "institutionalised" medical officers that the men need more "bedside manner" than it may seem proper to give a prisoner—and more therapeutic bottles of coloured fluid—to combat the brooding hypochondria of cellular solitude.

The acceptance of a "second-best," moreover, does not entail a belief that violent indiscipline can be corrected only by a flogging. The right to flog for "mutiny, incitement to mutiny, or gross personal violence to an officer of a prison" was, it is true, expressly preserved by the Criminal Justice Act of 1948, when all flogging "as a sentence of a Court" was abolished. But, while it would be going too far to say that every violent prisoner is a "psychopathic personality," it is certainly true that one of the most deplorable influences of the psychopath in a prison is to spread persecution mania and the hatred of authority. Flogging should no more be a part of an up-to-date treatment of psychopaths than it is at Broadmoor, but its retention is likely in the ordinary prisons until at least a start is made on the long-overdue establishment of the East-Hubert Institutions.

The Stakes in Siam

THE corruption of Siam's government and administration; its strategic importance; the fact that one-fifth of the population of Bangkok is Chinese and that practically all the commerce and trade of the country is in Chinese hands; that Siam shares with Cambodia and with Laos a 1,200-mile frontier, the northern part of which separates her from China's southern provinces—these factors explain why Siam's appeal to the United Nations is likely to be of importance to all of us.

As long as the peasants received good prices for their rice, on which 80 per cent. of the country's economy and 50 per cent. of its foreign exchange earnings depend, and as long as tin and rubber enjoyed the Korea boom, the countryside had a certain stability. Bangkok, less integrated with its villages than any other capital city, flourished on official corruption which made politics a profitable racket, whilst its highly decorative ruling class presented a glossy picture to the outside world. But even the injection of 22 million dollars into the economy of Siam between 1950 and 1953 could not prevent a fall in prices, and today, for the first time since the war, rice cultivators, rubber and tin workers are feeling an economic strain. The small professional class, which is wretchedly paid, presents a problem in Siam no less than in other Asian countries.

But it is not only the economic picture that is changing. The political horizon is strikingly coloured by the success of the Chinese Communists; by the victory of Viet Minh troops who occupied the Laotian garrison of Thakhek on the Siamese border last December; by the political awakening in Laos and Cambodia among people who belong to the same racial group as the Thais in Siam's North-Eastern provinces on the opposite side of the Mekong; and by large-scale American intervention. These events have occurred at great speed in a country where, for the most part, people had no clear political orientation and were unmoved by the political storms of other parts of Asia.

For a short time after the end of the war, the Government was mainly in the hands of the "Promoters"—the men who were responsible for the 1932 *coup* which ended the absolute monarchy. Whatever were his weaknesses, and they were primarily based on his unwillingness to get rid of certain corrupt advisers, Pridi, their leader, was a progressive, a patriot who wanted to build a popular democracy, a leader who appealed to the young, enthusiastic men and women of post-war Siam. His resignation in June, 1946, following the still unsolved mystery of the King's death was a major disaster. It led to the demoralisation of all political life. It robbed the country of the services of many men of ability and integrity, who, one by one, refused to have any truck with the sham of Parliament, or who were exiled, shot or imprisoned.

Since the *coup* of November, 1947, with the exception of a short period in 1948, political power has been in the hands of a military clique, officially led by Field-Marshal Pibun Songgram, a personal as well as political rival to Pridi, disarmingly opportunistic, a politician who recognises no loyalty which conflicts with his own ambition. With his eye on the main chance, when he signed a five-year Pact of Non-Aggression with the British Ambassador in June, 1940, he signed a few hours later a "treaty of friendly relations and mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity" with Japan, and followed this up in January, 1942, by declaring war against Britain and the United States. But this incident in his career was diplomatically forgotten and the fact that his Government in 1948 was the result of a military *coup* was overlooked: Britain and other countries hastened to recognise him. For Pibun now seemed to be strongly anti-Communist, and that was enough to gain favour. Further, by this time Communist rebellions in Burma and Malaya gave Siam an additional importance.

On the eve of Communist victory in China, Pibun welcomed a proposal from the Philippines that he should join an anti-Communist front together with Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek. But he put forward two conditions, both very shrewd—that the United States give material support and that other South-East Asian nations should be invited to join. He was now a popular ally of America. In 1950, Siam became an American outpost, or, as Peking radio repeatedly declaimed, a "puppet-state." Dollars now flowed into Bangkok. Technicians and advisers of every kind flew into this noisy, clattering cross-roads of Asia. Business rocketed, brothels and opium dens made fortunes, and Bangkok became a city of neon lights, corruption and rackets. Above all, corruption. This is an old problem in Siam, deeply embedded in its social structure, but corruption now reached a degree probably unknown in the country's history. Heads of Departments are concurrently successful business men, including those of the Army, the Navy and

the Police. The Head of the Navy was personally involved in one of many scandals; the firm with which he was associated sold, at excessive prices, to the Army a contingent of Bren gun carriers, few of which could proceed from docks to barracks under their own power. With the top men so corrupt, it is no surprise to foreign traders that most officials have their price, most government contracts their commission, and most export licences their "squeeze." No one seriously believes that the Government wants to clean up the system, or that, if it wishes to do so, its writ is powerful enough.

The political climate is correspondingly unhealthy, with the present drift highly reminiscent of the last years of the Kuomintang—corrupt administration, helped by American dollars, honest people withdrawn from public life by choice or compulsion, subservience to American demands, cynicism and disillusion, or just apathy among the people. There are important differences: strongly nationalist feelings, poverty and discontent, the breeding ground of Communism, are not as yet widely spread. Further, Communist strength has been largely confined to the Chinese, who for a number of economic and psychological reasons are extremely unpopular. The victory of Communists in China gave a great fillip to their comrades in Siam. In 1950, the weak Siamese Communist Party was merged with the Chinese Party to form the Communist Party of Siam. In 1952 it was declared illegal. Today, Communists work through a number of "front" organisations, which increasingly attract intellectuals, and few doubt that they could use their control of the Central Labour Union to mobilise against the Government the railway workers and the large number of Chinese shopkeepers, whose loyalty is ultimately to China.

Outside Bangkok, the most fertile ground for organising opposition to the present regime is in the 18 North-Eastern provinces which lie beyond a line running from Korat to Ubon. There is a long history here of hostility; in the poorer areas, the Government has done little to help the people, whilst officials from Bangkok have invariably treated them as an illiterate backwater. Secondly, the economy is mainly in Chinese hands. A few Siamese have large interests, including several top-ranking officials who make anti-Chinese gestures in Bangkok but profit from Chinese skill and industriousness in the North-East. Thirdly, and maybe decisively, this area has a frontier of nearly five hundred miles with Laos, with the people of which there are racial links; both are Thais and Buddhists, and they have the same language. To the north of Laos there are Thais in Yunnan, and in the North-West, Thais inhabit the Shan States of Burma. Pibun tried to exploit Thai nationalism before and during the war; in his Pan-Thai movement he included in the Siamese kingdom the Thais of the Shan States, of Yunnan, of Laos and Cambodia, and it was at this point he renamed Siam, Thailand. When he believed that Indo-China would collapse in 1940 he refused to renew a pact with the French unless they promised to cede parts of Laos and Cambodia to Siam. Thus, the idea of co-operation among the Thais of Siam with those of surrounding countries is not new. What has changed the problem is the recognition by the Chinese Communists of Thai autonomy in Yunnan, in accordance with their policy for minority peoples. The Communists in Indo-China adopt the same policy. To which I would add that there are some thousands of Vietnamese, mainly tailors and carpenters and small traders, living in the North-East provinces who have long since shown their enthusiastic support for Ho Chi Minh.

Will those who discuss these problems in the Security Council realise that to these Thais in Siam's North-Eastern Provinces, as in Laos itself and in Cambodia, it is the Western Powers that appear as aggressors, not the Chinese, nor the Viet Minh? With the breakdown of morale in Siam's central organisation, with the increasing intervention of Washington in Asian affairs, numerous young men and women link up with the movement for an autonomous Thai State in Siam's North-East, and receive training, sometimes by the Viet Minh, sometimes by the Chinese in Yunnan. The North-East becomes a focus for opponents of the Pibun regime and it pro-American policy. Against this appeal, Pibun has little to offer but anti-Communist propaganda and Mr. Dulles. This breeds its own opposition, since many Siamese believe that America's main interest in their country is as a base for operations against China. The Chief of the Siamese General Staff only confirmed this view on May 11 by announcing that "his Government would not raise any objections if the nations of the free world should consider it necessary to use Siam as a military base to combat Communist advance into the rest of South-East Asia." He added that this "could begin only after agreement had been reached upon terms and conditions between Siam and the other nations."

This is presumably what the Siamese had in mind when, with American encouragement, they raised the question of a guarantee which is now before the Security Council. But this back-door method of trying to bring Britain into a military agreement not only cuts across the Geneva Conference, it strengthens the belief widely held in Asia that American policy is based on the assumption of a war with China. Far from combating Communism, it poses to the people of Siam the dilemma of supporting Mao Tse-tung or their own reactionary regime. One may well ask whether any guarantee is a tenable proposition. Pibun is supported only by cliques. And, once before, his allegiance was easily transferable. Indeed, with his eyes firmly fixed on the main chance, is there any reason to doubt that whilst Mr. Dulles speaks into one ear, the other is already alerted to Peking?

DOROTHY WOODMAN

London Diary

ANY newspaper might accidentally say that some citizens came back to England with the assistance of the "British Council," when they should have said "British Consul." But if the paper, which makes this apparently trivial error, has been printing malevolent and frequently inaccurate stories about the British Council's waste of public money, and then refuses to print a correction, the error becomes significant. The staff of the British Council, which has been treated by the Beaverbrook Press to more unfair abuse than any other set of public officials I can think of, has finally been driven to the extraordinary length of publishing a pamphlet, through their Staff Association, protesting against Beaverbrook's mean and calculated campaign of calumny. Characteristically, the *Daily Express* retorts by asserting that it has published 206 reports about the Council in the last four years, and that the victims have found only 14 causes of complaint! In fact, the staff of the British Council has merely chosen 14 glaring and demonstrable inaccuracies out of 206, usually venomous, references.

* * *

This trick of controversy will be detected even by readers of the *Daily Express*. What they may not realise is that the Beaverbrook Press has introduced something of a novelty into British journalism. Like Goering, Lord Beaverbrook hates what he calls "culture." As for "intellectuals," they are people who believe that reason may still play a part in the world. Believing that nothing matters except power and money, Beaverbrook naturally boasts about his ability to exploit, through the medium of mass circulation, the almost limitless "suggestibility" of mankind. Naturally he has a lordly contempt for U.N. agencies which are nearly as "cultured" as the British Council. They have not been very "successful"; they have not made money for anyone; they have merely done a little to spread education and eradicate disease; they have even foolishly attempted to raise the living standard of half-starving people by disinterested and non-profit-making methods. The British Council staff has worked in many countries—even if sometimes misguidedly—to explain that Britain is not entirely a Philistine country. Hence his Lordship's derision. These people are nearly, if not quite, as absurd and dangerous as, say, Nehru and Mountbatten, who merely prevented a ruinous war between Britain and India and, incidentally, saved the British Commonwealth from total disruption.

* * *

The Common Law is sliding. If this island had been big enough to house a testing-ground for guided atomic missiles, the first casualty would have been the Common Law rights of the unfortunate citizens living near it. It was clear that Colonel du Boulay, of Alfold, Surrey, had such a right against the Hawker Aircraft Company, who were making life unendurable for him and his farming neighbours by the noise of jet engines being tested on the ground at Dunsford. And he got his writ accordingly, reasonably withdrawing it when the Company promised to reduce the noise—a significant admission, by the way, that reduction was possible. It was less obvious, perhaps, that the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation could forestall any further writs by an Order in Council giving complete licence to the Company to make as much noise as it liked—or as much as the Government can make with impunity on its own airfields. I said "as much as it liked" because the Order in Council, which has statutory

force and entirely supersedes the Common Law on the subject, is not accompanied by any conditions about noise. To anyone who has been within a couple of miles of a jet engine under test, the prospect at Dunsford and similar centres of progress is truly appalling, particularly as the Minister of Supply told the Commons a year ago that the development of ever-noisier jet engines was likely to go ahead more quickly than the invention of means of minimising their noise. But might there not yet be hope for the Dunsford farmers in the Crown Proceedings Act of 1947? It would enable them at least to sue the Crown for damages arising from negligently performed duties, even if the remedy of injunction must now be abandoned.

* * *

All one's memories of Arthur Greenwood are agreeable and most of them convivial. He was a warm-hearted, lovable man of very strong principles; and though he was for many years regarded as the party's chief research expert, he came from the working class, remained proud of it, and maintained his popularity in the trade union movement. The old cliché about being loved and respected by everyone was almost literally true in Arthur Greenwood's case. When last year Herbert Morrison tried to get on to the Executive by getting himself made Treasurer, Greenwood was able—old and sick though he then was—to gather sufficient support to induce Morrison to abandon his project. I suspect that the post will be left unoccupied until the Annual Conference in September, and that Gaitskell will be put up as Greenwood's successor. Gaitskell has not, of course, the same standing in the trade union movement that Greenwood had, and I have heard it suggested that, if he stands, one or other of the big trade unions may nominate an opposition candidate. Such a contest—without the politically distracting element of Greenwood's personal popularity—should be an unusually good test of the temper of the unions.

* * *

The general interest in the Pope's television appearance last Sunday seems to have owed little to the fact that His Holiness is never seen in the flesh outside Vatican City, and not much to the doubt about whether this was a proper form of Catholic propaganda. It was hailed mainly as a technical triumph for British television. A total ignorance of the engineering problems involved prevents my sharing in the rejoicing obviously expected of me by my friends and my newspapers. I am not able to see any limit to the scope of television, either geographical or social. I am, in fact, a long way ahead of the scientists because I am so totally unqualified to write like this:

> There does not exist, nor, as far as one can see, is there likely to exist in the near future, any apparatus capable of transmitting a real-life moving picture such as the Boat Race or the Derby. Even with such transmission as is now possible it is very difficult to see how anything like the broadcasting of pictures can effectively take place. The wavelength band required would be very wide, and it is doubtful if the Post Office would sanction it. The apparatus required in the home would be complicated and delicate, and very likely to get out of adjustment. In fact the public would be well advised to discount heavily the flamboyant anticipations that have appeared in the non-technical Press on this subject.

That, and I hope he will forgive me for using it as my illustration, was written in THE NEW STATESMAN on September 15, 1928, by Bertrand Russell. When one considers Bertrand Russell's qualifications as a prophet, such a quotation opens up quite considerable possibilities for September 15, 1980.

If the Whitsun week-end does not leave me with the father and mother of all colds in the head, I shall be lucky. After all, if you take the helm of an open boat in a blizzard, you usually protect yourself with oilskins. I had no oilskins when I drove home in Monday night's South-west gale, and, unlike a million other motorists who drove home at the same time, I had no windscreen. I was soon sitting in a large pool of water which had trickled down and found a resting place between my legs. Why no windscreen? Because, in a sudden capricious moment of hot sun on Friday afternoon, a pebble (I suppose) hit my windscreen, which instantly became completely opaque. As I was travelling on a country road at about forty miles an hour, it was easy to stop, get rid of countless bits of glass, and (not noticing that I had also thrown out my car licence disc), proceed happily, if breezily, home. It would have been different if I had been amidst heavy traffic on the Portsmouth road, passing other cars at sixty miles or so an hour. I have seen the figures about the Portsmouth road; for some reason or other it seems that about 190 cars have had the same experience as I had in much about the same spot. I am told that there is no proof that anyone shoots cars at this point with an airgun, and that no one knows just why vibrations at this particular curve of the road should have this startling effect. I have been consulting Authority on the subject, and learn that the motor trade has apparently now made a decision to substitute a new type of toughened glass with larger granules, which don't totally shut out the view if the windscreen is smashed. I am also told that one should carry, or better wear, a leather glove, so that, if this disaster occurs, the driver may, with great presence of mind, safely push his arm through the windscreen, and make a hole big enough to see whether it is a bus or a mere cyclist that he is about to run over.

CRITIC

LOYALTY

(With acknowledgements to Joyce Kilmer)

I think the world will never see
More sacrifice for loyalty
Than U.S. citizens endure
To make security secure;
For all must prove it, if they can,
Both in the sight of God and man.

For loyalty, all fouls are fair,
So secret dossiers are laid bare.
For loyalty, they quote things said
At home, at table or in bed;
Nor will the public conscience rest
Though suspects pass the loyal test.

For when the servant of the State
They piously assassinate,
His character, though fully cleared,
Is irremediably smeared;
Discharged with the supreme rebuff—
Mere loyalty is not enough.

Republicans and Democrats
Whose loyal heads seem nests for bats,
Whose vigilance spots nests of spies,
The proposition publicise—
None but the yes-man and the clod
Proves loyal both to man and God.

This love of loyalty is such
It almost seems at times too much.
As leader of democracy
America beloved should be
By all the Free World, so we say—
But only God loves U.S.A.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Socialist government consists in the application of Socialist principles, while Conservative government subsists, or ought to, in the application of divine law.—Letter in *Peeblesshire News*. (J. B. Butler.)

Particularly now is it well to remind ourselves of our standing in the world and of our grave responsibilities. Yet when I recently asked a grammar school boy and four men to quote the first line of the first verse of "Rule, Britannia" not one of them knew it.—Letter in *Evening News*. (B. Sinclair.)

I enjoy bee stings. Immediately the first "pin-prick" is over, I feel . . . carefree and happy. Thanks to my husband's bee-keeping hobby, I have a constant source of this rejuvenation.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (J. Cohen.)

Miss D. M. Oswald, 43, a member of Edmonton Council, said: "No wife-beating goes on in Edmonton without the wife objecting very strongly."—*Daily Mirror*. (Alan P. Alberg.)

Sculptor Henry Moore has been asked not to leave any holes in which boys could trap their heads when he carves "Family Group" for Harlow new town.—*News Chronicle*. (G. G. King.)

A showing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" will be given at a Durham Cinema tomorrow for the city magistrates to decide whether the film is fit for children unaccompanied by adults.—*News Chronicle*. (S. Meredeen.)

Life and Death of Wilma Montesi

(By a Special Correspondent)

THE Capacotta scandal has none of the grandeur of passions and principles of the Dreyfus affair. It is a vicious tale of drugs, sex, and corruption, played out by a cast of spivs, drug addicts, crooked policemen and corrupt politicians. The history of the crime itself (if it was one) will now never be fully known. Too many hands have been at work for more than a year to destroy the evidence. But the currents behind it all have received less attention than their importance deserves.

The scandal hinges on the mysterious death of a beautiful Roman girl, Wilma Montesi, whose half-clothed body was found on April 11, 1953, on the beach at Capacotta, some twenty kilometres south of Ostia. There were no signs of violence. The local doctor, called by the *carabinieri*, diagnosed death from drowning within the last eighteen hours. The Questore of Rome took the case out of the hands of the *carabinieri* and confided it to the Public Security Police. Their doctor eventually agreed that she had been drowned, but held that she had died at least thirty-six hours previously. During the summer the investigation squad of the Rome Public Security produced a theory of accidental death which the examining magistrate accepted and closed the investigation.

The theory put forward was that Wilma Montesi had had a slight infection of the feet. To cure it she went on the evening of April 9 to Ostia to paddle her feet in the sea. She had been overcome by the waves, and knocked unconscious. The sea had caught her up, and during the next day had washed the body nearly twenty

kilometres to Capacotta. For this theory to be credible, Montesi must have had a foot infection that disappeared before the local doctor saw her body; she must have chosen to go twenty miles by train to paddle her feet in the sea at dusk on a cold spring evening; she must have been a girl who, when paddling, took off not only her shoes and stockings but also her skirt and suspender belt. Her fall in the sea must have knocked her unconscious and yet caused no bruises. The couple who only last month testified to having seen the dead body dumped into the sea, must have been lying. The body must have been carried by the sea a distance of twenty kilometres to the South in thirty hours (during half of which time there was a gale blowing *from* the South) and without getting battered or swollen with water.

Most journalists, however incredible they may have thought this explanation, kept quiet. One did not—Silvano Muto, neo-Fascist journalist in search of publicity for his new journal *Attualità*. He chose this case to investigate not only because it smelt anyway, but also because it offered a convenient platform from which to attack the Questore of Rome, Saverio Polito, whom Fascists had never forgiven for his part in Mussolini's arrest. Muto's article, published in October 1953, led to his trial on a charge of " spreading false and tendentious news liable to disturb the public peace." Muto's allegations, contained in his article and later developed by rumour and testimony at his trial, were these. The coast between Anzio and Ostia was the scene of large-scale drug smuggling. One of the leaders was a certain Ugo Montagna, soi-disant Marquis, who as administrator of an estate at Capacotta possessed a residence near the shore called Tor Vaianica. Montagna had friends in the highest places to whom he gave expensive presents and luxurious parties. Amongst his friends were people like Tommaso Pavone, Chief of the Italian Police, Spataro, Minister of the Interior during part of the Montesi investigation and Vice-President of the Christian Democrat Party, the Pope's nephew, the Pope's physician, Piero Piccioni, son of the Foreign Minister, and so on. For special guests Montagna arranged orgiastic parties on the estate, with drugs, stimulants and pretty games like hunting near-naked girls through the undergrowth in the dark. Wilma Montesi was one of his girls; she became unconscious one night after taking drugs; and, fearing that she was going to die, Montagna and Piccioni had her thrown into the sea. This explained why her body was not battered or swollen, why she was dressed as she was, why her body was found where it was. Montagna and Piccioni later went to Pavone, who used his position as Chief of Police to block the inquiry, and political pressure was successfully brought to bear on the State Advocate's department to accept the police theory of accidental death.

One of Muto's principal sources of information was Anna Maria Caglio, a striking girl of 24 of good Milanese family, who had been Montagna's mistress for a long time. It was she who provided the *coups de théâtre* during Muto's trial. During the autumn of 1953, when Muto began to piece together his theory, La Caglio became aware of the strange ways and extreme wealth of her lover; and his behaviour made her fear for her life. She did two things. She accepted Muto's advice to visit a famous Jesuit priest in Rome, Father Dall'Olio, and she wrote a will. The Father, it is said, transmitted La Caglio's suspicions to the Minister of the Interior, Fanfani, who has close connections with the Jesuits. Fanfani ordered the General Commandant of the *carabinieri* to inquire secretly (that is, unknown to Pavone and the Public Security Police) into Montagna's relations. The report of the *carabinieri*, who, unlike the Public Security Police, have come very well out of the affair, was read in open court during Muto's trial. In it Montagna was described as of poor Sicilian parents. He had made his way as a pimp for Fascist hierarchs; he had been an OVRA agent and police spy; he had maintained a high-class brothel for the Germans during the war and been allowed by them to use diplomatic privileges; he had been made an honorary Prefect by the Americans; he had made an illicit fortune by illegal speculations and phantom companies in real estate; and so on. This was the man whose parties Christian Democrat and Catholic Action leaders attended, and whose friendship was valued by the highest officials. After this report Pavone was suspended, and Scelba appointed a committee under Don Sturzo to examine the Administration.

The second *coup de théâtre* was La Caglio's will. After the thrills of a police chase through Rome the will was discovered and brought to court. In it La Caglio accused Montagna of being head of the drug racket, and Piccioni of being his hatchet man. When challenged to repeat these charges in open court, La Caglio did so tranquilly, and left the president of the court no option but to suspend the trial and order a new investigation of Montesi's death. The new investigation is in the hands of the president of the prosecution section of the Court of Appeal, but even an honest magistrate (which he is) will find it difficult to unearth any tangible evidence after all this time.

It is obvious that such a sordid case is the occasion for all sorts of muck-raking; and the Communists have not failed to exploit it to the full. But there are still deeper political issues. The first is the light thrown on sections of the Italian political and administrative class. Confidential reports suggest that Montagna is not an isolated phenomenon. He simply played rather a special role. His talent was to realise that prominent Christian Democrats and members of the Vatican find it unwise to keep a mistress or even to frequent ordinary brothels for fear of publicity and blackmail. Possibly Montagna provided an alternative source of entertainment, far from prying eyes, with a hand-picked bunch of good-time call-girls (like Wilma Montesi) free of the dangerous tricks of the ordinary prostitute.

One can sense how disquieting this corruption is from recent allegations made by Ernesto Rossi, a member of Don Sturzo's committee, and a man of considerable integrity. He holds quite simply that Italian government is now run by a political-administrative *camorra*. The party bosses, and especially those of the Christian Democrats, have consistently abused administrative powers in order to finance their expensive propaganda campaigns. They have deliberately incited high officials to engage in black-market currency dealings, the sale of import-export licences and the like, in order to finance their machines and sometimes themselves. The danger of leakage is small. Ministers as well as officials are involved; no one can denounce the others, and party bosses are in the hands of men like Montagna. The police provide a screen, and the Red Flag is brandished to scare off the honest man.

In face of this why did the Montesi case fail to be decently interred, as other scandals have been? The answer is obscure, and lies in the person of La Caglio. It was she who put Muto on the right lines, and she who provoked the report of the *carabinieri*. The incurably sentimental Italian puts her tenacity and courage down to the traditional fury of the woman scorned. Yet she has failed to be moved by the most ferocious threats from interested parties to bury her under the Civil and Criminal Codes if she fails to prove every word to their satisfaction. These are merely diversions. The explanation of her attitude may be deeper than that. From the time La Caglio went to Father Dall'Olio she seems to have been acting on the instructions of the Jesuits. The consistency of her story, the subtle development of her arguments, her strange calm and moral fibre all indicate the silent, watchful intellectual brotherhood of the Company of Jesus in the shadows behind her. For the Jesuits the position of the Church is alone important. They have for some time viewed with alarm the damage caused to the reputation of the Church by the spreading patch of corruption in the Vatican reaching to the steps of the Throne itself. They are waging a secret fight inside the Holy See, and they will not hesitate to sacrifice personalities for the advantage of their cause. One day the Montesi *affaire* will be seen not so much as the overdue trial of Italian public life as the secret struggle to prepare the Church for the final round with the Communists. The struggle, no doubt, has a further objective. If it should leave vacant places near the Pope himself, who but the Jesuits would have the best claim to them?

Men Without Work

When the Beveridge Report was published in 1942, memories of mass unemployment were still fresh and fears of a post-war slump were strong: Lord Beveridge himself costed his scheme on the assumption that it would have to carry unemployment at the rate of 8 per cent. Fortunately, this pessimism was unjustified: it is old age rather than lack of work that has become the principal cause of post-war poverty. In 1950, when Mr. Rowntree made his survey in York, he reported that he could not find one family that was below his poverty-line because the wage-earner was workless. Thanks to the fact that there has been a long period of steady employment, our failure to keep unemployment benefit up to subsistence-level has merely caused hardship, not social disaster. Men have not had to wait long for another job; they usually have some savings to tide them over; and many households have two or more wage-packets coming in on a Friday. So long as this situation lasts, it is possible to overlook the fact that the purchasing power of the present benefit is below that of the 1937 dole. My inquiries in St. Helens suggest, however, that a few months of heavy and widespread unemployment could force living standards down to at least pre-war levels.

I put this point to a local trade union official. " Yes," he said, " a family can manage if a man is only out between jobs and if he has a bit put by. You can tell that from the National Assistance figures. We have fifteen hundred men and women registered as unemployed in the town, and less than a third have gone to the N.A.B. Obviously, the rest are getting by somehow. But I'm worried what will happen here in Lancashire if there's a slump. That's the real test of social security. I'm telling you that if we get back even to half pre-war unemployment, neither benefit nor Assistance will keep hundreds of thousands out of grinding poverty."

The first case I choose is that of Mr. Middleton,

a semi-skilled worker who formerly travelled to work in Liverpool, and was looking for work nearer home. For himself, his wife and child he drew a total of 64s 6d benefit. He paid 18s a week in rent; household expenses took another 10s 6d, cigarette tobacco—he rolls his own—about 8s, and the weekly visit to the cinema cost 3s. On Saturday night, he still went to the local pub to meet his friends. "Though they try to stand treat," he told me, "as we always do when a pal is out, I spend about half a dollar." Mr. Middleton was also paying another 2s 6d into a holiday club, and he didn't intend to let these payments lapse. After meeting these expenses, he had exactly one pound left. How then did he make ends meet? "Well," he said, "I've got about forty pounds in the Post Office, and since I was put off three weeks ago, I've drawn out eight pounds. I don't mind that, because I'll start again in a week or so, and I make nine or ten pounds a week when I'm working."

I asked Mr. Middleton why he hadn't applied for National Assistance. "While I've got money of my own? Not likely." He said that he preferred to economise. And how was he doing that? He had cut out his visits to football matches, his three shillings on the Pools, his mid-week visit to the pub. Even so, I pointed out, his budget didn't balance. He allowed nothing for coal, lighting or clothing. "No," he said, "I got a stock of coal in at the beginning of the winter, I pay the gas and electricity quarterly (unusual, this, in a working-class household) and, of course, while I'm out of work, we don't reckon to buy any clothes." If, in fact, he had been out of work for several weeks, and had no more savings, he would have been forced to seek Assistance, for his very modest budget would have left nothing at all for food.

My second example is of a man who, when I interviewed him, had been unemployed for six weeks. A spell of sickness last Autumn had exhausted his savings, and he had been on Assistance from the second week. He and his wife lived in two furnished rooms, for which they paid 21s. They cooked and heated by gas, for which they paid by a shilling meter. This, they said took 12s a week in winter. They paid 5s a week into a clothing club; household expenses were about 3s 6d a week—a figure I thought too low; and they were spending 5s on personal sundries. Neither of them smoked or drank, and they went to the cinema about once a fortnight. Most of their entertainment came from watching television at a nearby relative's house. If they had received only the benefit of 54s, they would have had merely 7s 6d left for food, They had therefore claimed Assistance, and were receiving their rent plus 5s. This meant that they had 33s 6d left, on average, for their food. Of all those I interviewed, pensioners apart, this couple seemed to me to be living on the lowest level.

Mrs. Brown was separated from her husband, and lived as a lodger. She paid 25s for bed and breakfast; normally she ate her main meal at mid-day and cooked herself a light snack on a gas-ring in the evenings. She had been out of work for seven weeks when I talked to her, and she was living entirely on gas-ring meals, save for Sundays when the people with whom she lodged gave her dinner. She was not eligible for benefit and was living entirely on Assistance, which gave her 15s as rent—her breakfasts were counted as two-fifths of her lodging cost—and a further grant of 35s. She thus had 25s a week to buy the rest of her food, and to pay for all her personal expenses. She said that she was not fit to go out cleaning, that she hadn't been able to find a job in a shop or an office, and that she intended to go South to her sister's the following week if she hadn't found suitable work.

My final example not only illustrates the inadequacy of unemployment benefit: it also throws some light on a wider social problem, with which I shall deal in detail in my last article—the burden of the large family. Will Jones was a labourer with four children. He lived in a pre-war Council house for which he paid 14s 6d rent. If he had relied solely on his benefit and family allowances he would have received 96s. On the Assistance scale, he got 110s, plus his rent, bringing his total income up to 124s 6d.

On the face of it, more than six pounds seems a substantial amount to pay an unemployed man. But I had previously worked out that, for a family of this size, the very stringent poverty-line worked out by Mr. Rowntree for use in York calls, at present prices, for a weekly income of 152s, *apart from rent*. Thus the Jones family was more than two pounds a week short of the minimum income needed to keep them at subsistence level. How, therefore, were they making ends meet? Here is the family budget.

Rent	14s 6d
Fuel and Light	11s
Household Expenses ..	13s
Insurances	4s
Clothing Club	10s
Cinema	3s
Pools	2s 6d
Sweets and Beer	5s
Total	63s

In this case, the family had a relatively low rent; and, considering its size, the amount spent on "luxuries," such as Pools, sweets, beer and cinema is tiny. Not nearly enough was being spent or put aside for clothing, nor was there any provision for holidays, outings, presents and so forth. Even so, only three pounds were left for food—and anything else. There clearly was nothing else. The minimum "Rowntree" diet for a family of this size in St. Helens today costs 75s.

Mrs. Jones admitted that she couldn't buy enough food for the family, despite the free meals for the children during term. For two weeks after Christmas she had dropped payments to the clothing club, but had started again because she feared that a record of arrears would prevent her from getting further credit. "We just manage," she told me, "because Will ought to be starting work again when better weather comes." So, by eating far less than health or efficiency demand, the Jones family was tiding over what promised to be a fairly short period of unemployment. The hard fact remains that if Will Jones were out of work, say, for several months, he and his family would sink into a poverty as deep or deeper than they would have known on the pre-war dole, for all that National Assistance could do for them. Our system of social security is indeed more vulnerable to a trade recession—one of the "vicissitudes" it was designed to cover—than, in our complacency, we have yet realised.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

On Not Doing The Winner

IN a way I can say that until last week I had never had a bet on a horse. True, I was taken to various French race-courses in my 'teens; and no doubt I bought tickets from the *pari-mutuel*. But I have so completely forgotten this childish gambling that it does not count, and I consider that I placed my first adult bet on Wednesday last at the Derby. Now I wish I had not been to Epsom, for I am the poorer not only by one pound, or, by my wife's reckoning, nine pounds, since that was the sum I should have won had my horse been the winner, but also by most of the illusions which I had cherished from the paper-backed reading of my boyhood.

True, there was a vast crowd at Epsom, thousands of coaches and cars, many of them American, and some French. True, there was a mixing of classes; and true, everyone was very good humoured. But the day was rather cold and there was a 10/10 overcast of low cloud. Did this alone account for the half-heartedness of everything? I am not saying that people did not enjoy themselves; they did, but very, very soberly, very far from rowdily. I have, for example, never seen a fair worse patronised: how do the proprietors of side-shows survive if nobody shies at coconuts, nor shoots in a rifle-booth, nor has a fortune told? Nobody did. The ice-cream vendors did good business; and there was a reasonable amount of betting done with the bookies and the tote. A few of the lunches which people had brought with them had the opulence which they always have in books. But, for the most part, the picnics were frugal.

Only one "gypsy" had a shot at us: she was no more a gypsy than I am, being what we call in East Kent a "traveller," that is a person of ordinary English stock turned nomad. With the rising cost of living in mind she asked to have her palm crossed with a *large* piece of silver: one sees the need for that modification, sixpence

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is not much use now. But she did not give value for money, hastily gabbling her piece, muffing her lines badly, and speaking without conviction. I could have done it better myself. The only real colour was in the faces of the men. They were, indeed, splendid, sometimes even grotesque. No wonder English cathedrals have the best gargoyles. What fantasies in bone, flesh and skin textures and colours the "East End" produces! Strange that English girls should be so much prettier than others, and English men so much uglier. But for all their lively, eccentric faces the men were quiet, serious, sober; consumers, like their women and children, of ice-creams rather than stout. The only wise-crack I heard was from a thin man with a bitter mouth who, when a mild outburst of cheering broke out down the course, near Tattersalls, said it was probably the Queen going to place two bob each way on Landau. His wife rebuked him, solemnly, as if he had blasphemed; and he subsided into a sheepish silence.

We had received a number of tips before we left; but we fancied none of them. My wife's method was to look for a horse offered at a hundred to one, but after she had found it she hesitated so long that the odds on it shortened to 66, whereupon she complained that she had been robbed of £34. I decided to back Landau. This was due less to passionate loyalty than to calculation: chosen to ride the Queen's horse so late in the day, would not W. Snaith ride the race of his life? I was gratified when our book-maker, whom we had chosen for his obvious and beaming desire to see his clients have a good win, assured me that I certainly knew what I was about: he seemed to imply that at nine to one I was robbing him, but that he did not mind; it was his business to make people happy. He took my wife's ten bob on Hylas (at 66) with a different sort of approval: nothing like a nice long shot.

A knowing man, who had been telling us about driving to a gayer, better, louder, more colourful Derby in a brake in '94, pointed out the starting place for the big race, but all we could see was the sweep of the opposite Down completely covered to the horizon with parked motor-coaches and the stippling of innumerable human heads. However, we were on the rails and there was about fifty yards of the course within our view. All I had to do was to watch for the Queen's colours—*purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves*—so bold a composition must be very visible, especially as, worn by W. Snaith, it would surely be well out in front. There came the brisk "They're under starter's orders" from the loud-speakers. We peered vaguely over a mile or so of heads. Then "They're off!" but not the roar we had expected—Oh literature, what a liar you are!—but rather a murmur, hardly worthy of an exclamation mark in this text.

Although £9 is a considerable sum of money, I doubt whether the prospect of winning it justified my excitement. My wife's prospective £33 was a better excuse for pinching my arm, stamping on my foot, and shouting for Hylas, (Payne up, *French grey, primrose hoops*). While I was idiotically wondering what distinguishes French grey from just grey, *they* came in sight after rounding Tattenham corner, where the American Longden disappointed the pessimists by not falling off Blue Sail—as they had assured us he would, for some technical reason. A moment later *they* were in front of us, knocking surprisingly large chunks of turf over us, a confusion of colour and magnificent movement. As for distinguishing *purple, gold braid*, or *French grey*, or even grey *tout court*—hopeless. I was left with a clear and vivid impression of cerise and grey stripes . . . the winner was evidently already in front . . . and the conviction that only one painter had ever drawn horses as they really were — Toulouse-Lautrec. It was a Toulouse-Lautrec crupper I watched down the course. Almost at once the loud-speaker said "Number Five." Was the pleasure in the announcer's voice professional courtesy, or had he backed Never Say Die himself?

Now came the shattering of another illusion. I do not know the designation of the body of grave men who have to confirm the result of a horse-race. But I have always had a clear picture of them in my mind. They are mature, handsome, very well-groomed in their immaculate morning suits and grey toppers. They wear spats. And they have a Presence . . . reminiscent of a moderately good woman novelist's picture of an aristocrat. Such men are weighty, decided; they don't mess about; they know their minds. So that what followed was most disturbing. So far as I could make out, no one really quite knew which horses were placed second and third. In the end I suppose there was a decision; but it was hard to get at. A patient and even rather shy score of fortunate punters were surrounding our bookie, waiting for him to pay them, while he, very civilly, desired them to wait the official confirmation of the result. "Up goes the blue flag, ladies and gents, and *then* we pays."

Up, presumably, went the blue flag. The bookie chalked the result on his blackboard: 1st—Never Say Die. 2nd—Landau. 3rd—Ferriol. Second and third were bracketed together and marked "photo." So much for that. Shortly after, we left the course. On our way home we stopped at an inn for tea and there announced this result, and for the first time realised that there could be an element of uncertainty in the work done in that sombrely magnificent board room which we had long pictured full of men of decision. For we were flatly contradicted, we, who were but now from the course itself. The hotel sweepstake had been paid out, and practically the whole kitchen staff came into the tea-room to assure us that this payment had been just, being founded on the word of Mr. Raymond Glendenning, and *his* first three had been Never Say Die, Arabian Night and Darius. Well, but with due respect, Mr. Glendenning did not impress *us*. For we had seen a bookie—such men are not careless of their money—paying place-money on Landau and Ferriol. No doubt, had I thought to back the Queen's horse for a place, I should have some of that money in my pocket now.

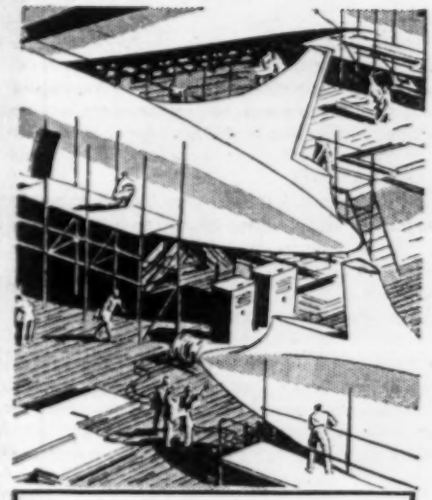
Driving through our own village we stopped to greet a neighbour. Did we do the winner? No, did he? No, but his place money was all right. Landau? Ferriol? Darius? Arabian Night? No, no, Valerullah was second, where had our eyes been? Old Batsy was still at work when we got home. Had we done the winner? No, alas, and himself? "I ain't lost nothing, I done Valerullah for a place." "Oh, but, Batsy. . . ." We gave him (a) the result according to our witness; (b) the result according to Mr. Glendenning and the stop-press of the evening paper bought as we went through Maidstone. Batsy shook his head with a tolerant smile; what did we, just back from our first Derby, know about it? Had he not backed the winner at a hundred-to-one in '94, or maybe it was '96?

"You do anything, missis?" he asked.

"Lost thirty-three quid. Or fifty. Depends how you look at it."

Mr. Batsy took his hat off: I've never seen him look really respectful before.

EDWARD HYAMS



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The Radical Cavalier

MY DEAR BOB,

They have asked me to do a "profile" of you. Of course that is out of the question. I know you far too well to pen a solemn portrait of Sir Robert Boothby, M.P. Too much has happened to you and to me and to all of us; I could not even begin writing about it.

And then again I missed what people think of as the most serious thing that ever happened to you. I was away at the war when you had your trouble and resigned from office, and I know very little about all that. I know, of course, that it had nothing whatever to do with anything which you did in office. It all happened several years before. But I suppose that you were pretty foolish, and, above all, reckless. And of course, even though you were only a private Member at the time, to be reckless is wrong for someone in public life. It must have been the gambler in you. And the gambler in you comes from—oh, well, your optimism, your "it'll-be-all-right-on-the-night-ism," your faith in your boundless capacity to charm your way out of anything.

Some people used to say that ruined you; though how they could say that anyone who is as immensely successful as you are, in a dozen different ways, has been ruined by anything, I don't quite know. Of course it did not ruin you; but it did deflect your career. I suppose if it had not been for that you would be in office at the moment, for example. You would be the First Lord of the Admiralty, or something like that. (I remember that that was the office which in the old days you always wanted.) And as it is, you aren't. Of course, for all I know, you may be on the point of entering the Government. But the fact remains that hitherto you have never had the office which your talents should have brought you. But it would have been no more than departmental office: you would never have held supreme office, even if all had gone perfectly well for you. The political wiseacres who saw the dazzle of your promise are now inclined to shake their heads and apply Belloc's jingle to you:

> We had intended you should be
> The next Prime Minister but three. . . .

But you never would have been, you know. You are too easy-going, too gay, too reckless, too nice, and too self-indulgent. So the price you have had to pay for all the things you *are* doing is simply office. But because office has so far missed you, what else haven't you done?

I take very seriously your television stardom, your prodigious journalism, the eight million readers you reach each week in the *News of the World* and all the endless rest of it. I wonder if you realise yourself quite how important all that is? No one has ever accused you of being a do-gooder. But, whether you know it or not, your sort of serious, popular, political education on the grand scale is one of the most important things that anyone can do in the world of today. To make a difference, of course, you really do have to reach people by the million as you do: it is the scale that counts. But if the job is done on that scale, and if it is done as well as you do it, in that case there is simply nothing that matters more. You make people understand the way in which political life must be carried on; make them understand the methods of civilised political discussion and controversy. And haven't we all learned that in some ways methods count even more than matter? And then, of course, there are the actual causes you take up, like your courageous help for the unfortunate homosexuals and your persistent attempts to reform the abortion laws. That is just a current example of what seems to me the really big-scale work of civilisation which you are doing.

Then again, your leadership in the matter of M.P.'s salaries is an example of a different sort—of the courage that is necessary to proclaim the truth and fight for what you believe to be right against your political friends. I'll bet that you were shaken by the reception you got a fortnight ago from your own colleagues at the 1922 Committee when you sought to justify your stand on the salary increase. You've probably never before been conscious of real unpopularity. It may have taught you an important lesson which civilisers and prophets have to learn—that nobody can fight effectively against convention and humbug and narrow-mindedness while still retaining popularity among the narrow-minded, the humbugs, and the conventional. I think your good causes in the past have never quite brought that home to you. But if you can learn it now, you may find it not too difficult to outlive the bitterness of smaller men and grow to a public stature, which hitherto, despite all your success, has seemed just beyond you.

Compared to all this, what is office? Well, to be frank, it is quite a lot. It would be silly to tell any politician that it was not. But is it much on balance? You could not, remember, even attempt to do your present work if you were in office. As it is, in terms of power to do what you want to do, in terms of the sheer influence you exercise, and in terms of the amount of fun you have (and you have never been one to leave *that* out of account), it is very arguable that you are "up" on balance.

In any event, a normal, smooth-working, political career would have been very difficult for you in the present period. You are not a proper

Tory. It is no use pretending you are. But you are certainly not a Socialist, either, though it is true that you have no particular objection to some parts of Socialism. (Do you remember once saying that the only thing that worried you about Socialist measures was that they might well interfere with the supply of Hock?) And you are certainly not a Liberal; at least not a Liberal of the present faint, spinsterish, pince-nezed phase. What I suppose you really are is a sort of Lloyd George Radical of the great splurging days of the Edwardian after-glow. Not, you see, a very easy kind of political animal to fit into our 1950s. Moreover, one who has known you for years can see a positively obstinate consistency in this basic radicalism. Quite contrary to what some people think about you, you have never shifted your basic attitudes either to Right or to Left. You've been anti-gold, pro-expansion, anti-deflation, pro-Europe, anti-transatlantic, pro-Rathenau, anti-Hitler, anti-Communist but mildly pro-Russian (in a herringy sort of way), and pro-Burns, for 30 years now. And how bad all that ever-mounting hero-worship in Aberdeenshire must be for you!

Actually you couldn't change now, even if you wanted to. And for goodness sake don't try. "To be oneself and nothing else besides"—that's the only thing worth ever trying to be. After all, it would be far from true to say that you are playing no part in the direct political struggle. On the contrary, your present anti-E.D.C. propaganda is a force in more than one country. You are still right in the game. And that's everything. Who knows what part you will yet play as the political kaleidoscope is shaken and re-shaken?

So you see how impossible it would have been for me to write a profile of you. Incidentally, as I am sure they tell you on television, *full face* is the aspect for you. Because . . . well, you don't get any slimmer, do you? Now that really is something you ought to watch.

Yours affectionately,

X. Y. Z.

The Arts and Entertainment

KATYA KABANOVA

THE NEW STATESMAN, though bearing Saturday's date, reaches its subscribers on Friday morning. There is therefore a last chance—this evening—to see one of the most exciting and poetical spectacles lately offered to London audiences: namely, the revival of Janacek's *Katya Kabanova* at Sadler's Wells. I beg the adventurous theatre-goer who is not tone-deaf to give himself this memorable experience.

I have left the word "music" out of that paragraph, not because Janacek's score or its inspired performance under Rafael Kubelik is of secondary importance, but because professional musicians and the more conventionally minded opera-goers have been noticeably slower than persons of a wider sort of culture to see the point and submit themselves to the emotion of this strange masterpiece. When first staged in 1951 at Sadler's Wells, *Katya Kabanova* was boycotted by the B.B.C. and coldly received by most of the critics; in consequence, though one kept encountering or hearing of individual listeners who had greatly enjoyed it, the opera made slow headway with the general public, who look for a lead when something new appears. It was clever of Norman Tucker (who translated the opera and has never faltered in his conviction of its greatness) to have invited Janacek's distinguished compatriot to take charge of four special performances to celebrate the centenary of the composer's birth. This time the response has been enthusiastic from the start. The difference is due in some degree to increased familiarity (at least on the part of some listeners) with the strange idiom, but mainly to a performance of such blazing intensity as to dispose of all minor doubts and reservations.

The score is a mass of thematic interrelations which can easily pass unperceived; moreover, it frequently proceeds by means of a brief pause, followed by a return to the previous material in a slightly varied form—a procedure wonderfully apt to the obsessions and fears and daydreams of these Russian characters, but liable to seem scrappy to the inattentive listener in any performance which does not, as on this occasion, follow the inward development of the musical thought with unswerving concentration. Rafael Kubelik has evidently worked in the closest collaboration with Dennis Arundell, who again produced, to ensure that each of the six scenes should make their proper cumulative impact; even Janacek's warmest admirers were surprised to discover the effectiveness of passages which had previously missed fire. But what first strikes the listener is the extraordinary fire and brilliance of the orchestral playing: I doubt whether the Sadler's Wells musicians realised that they were capable of such an achievement. Considering the excessively bright acoustics of the theatre, the sheer impact of sound was almost too great at some moments on the first night; and Amy Shuard, who has greatly strengthened and deepened her perceptive portrait of the heroine, was in consequence obliged to push her voice from time to time beyond the limits of sensuously agreeable tone, so that the hysterical aspect of the character, rather than the mystical and pathetic side, came too much to the fore. But her undoubted triumph was richly deserved, and she was well supported by the rest of the cast, to which the only newcomers were the formidable Edith Coates and the splendidly irascible Owen Brannigan as the tyrannical elders of the story.

By the authority of the conductor (and, I understand, of Czech practice) a new and sinister light was thrown on the curious semi-comic episode between these two in the first scene of Act 2. At the fall of the curtain, the drunk and maudlin Dikoy is now made to throw himself not merely at the feet but into the only half-unwilling embrace of the detestable Kabanicha, and we realise with a shock that the latter's insistence on surface proprieties masks a certain grim licentiousness. I cannot recall whether this nuance is to be found in Ostrovsky's play; but in the opera it has the force of yet another turn of the screw, and one which makes all the more pathetic the plight of the fundamentally pure-souled Katya. Moreover, the episode now makes a grotesquely apt precursor to the succeeding garden scene, in which the light-hearted Barbara and Vanya have one of their frequent and far from innocent meetings and the trembling Katya encounters for the first time her adolescent lover, Boris. This long nocturne made at Sadler's Wells an extraordinary impression of subdued lyrical intensity. The bar of silence as Katya appears in the dark garden is one of the most pregnant in all opera—more pregnant, even, than the whispered avowal of love between Pelléas and Mélisande. Janacek has suggested the atmosphere and the oddly mingled emotions of the scene with a few masterly touches: the tender raillery of the blithe couple, the tremulous, guilty rapture of Katya and Boris which reaches its height in their pianissimo octave passages off stage, then the tap of the night-watchman's stick and the haunting little "leli, leli" song which heralds the end. As the curtain falls on the solitary Boris, while the orchestra recalls the fragmentary themes associated with their short-lived happiness, the theatre is filled with an emotion of rare purity and beauty.

Of many other passages perfectly executed in this performance, I will mention only one: the widely spread pianissimo chords for muted strings in the sixteen bars which accompany the last silent, hopeless embrace of Katya and Boris in the final scene by the Volga—a scene, by the way, of great pictorial effectiveness. The whole performance underlines something which, in my indignation with the slighting attitude now generally adopted towards the singer, I have sometimes been tempted to underestimate: the paramount importance of the operatic conductor.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A NEW REVUE

A FEW weeks ago, in this column, I suggested that it was time that the formula of intimate revue had a brisk re-shuffle; and now with *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure*, at the Fortune Theatre, we have that complete change and it provides, in my view, one of the best light evenings in London at the moment. Naturally, in order to feel this, you have to enjoy Miss Grenfell's particular brand of humour, for she provides on her own much more than half of the show. It is a great personal triumph for her to succeed in this. One might have thought that her repertoire would be too limited to last an evening through and that there would be some danger of monotony but the event proved the opposite. Miss Grenfell is now as much a mistress of the monologue as Ruth Draper. She has, of course, her one particular register which is stronger than the others, but her range is much wider than we might think. Her shopgirls and Cockneys are sharply and humorously observed and above all are up to the moment, and her muddled cultured ladies, English, American, Dutch or Central European, are a perfect delight. But she is at her very best

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in the territory between satire and sentiment, where her subject is English girls, a territory which crosses the edges of Mr. John Betjeman's. Her English public schoolgirl has become a standard turn freely copied by others. But no one can manage this type straight as beautifully as she does. There is a little number in this revue which is a triumph of her art. It is a song (charmingly set as are many of the numbers by Richard Addinsell) called "Three Brothers." And in it Miss Grenfell describes in her own person the life of an English upper-middle-class sister. She does everything for her brothers from fielding for them to sewing for them, and they take her devotion completely for granted: they grow up; they go off; they settle and marry abroad: she busily writes to them once a week and they casually send back a postcard once a year. But this type, Miss Grenfell is clever enough to see, is devoid of self-pity: she turns their old home into a guest-house and waits for her second chance: it comes when the brothers' children begin growing up and find a home with her for their holidays, and she becomes useful once again. If this sounds "soppy," it is certainly not so as Miss Grenfell transforms it. The art of the song is all in its simplicity and its absence of emphasis; it is curiously touching and a perfect portrait of a type, not quite satirised so much as exactly caught, and pinned and set, and the humour, like all her humour, is charmingly good-natured. One of the things that one may rejoice in while watching Miss Grenfell is the fine economy of her technique. She makes her points—indeed she can sketch in a whole social background—with the smallest crooking of her arm or backward bend from her waist, or enlarging of her huge eyes.

Miss Grenfell is assisted, as they used to say, by three dancers, Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone and Irving Davies. And they are by no means mere make-weights, "filling in." They entertain admirably in their own right. Their dances are a sort of ballet journalism; but it is a superior journalism, weekly journalism say, commenting amusingly or sharply on contemporary life. They are all extremely expressive, full of vitality and inventiveness. Their dances interspersed among Miss Grenfell's monologues and songs make up the whole of the entertainment, and an admirable one it is, pleasantly dressed and set, largely by John and David de Bethell and excellently staged by Laurier Lister. A most agreeable change.

The more conventional form of revue goes on, however, and is exemplified by something which I have not yet had a chance of mentioning, the West End version of the Lyric Hammersmith revue, newly titled *Going to Town*, at the St. Martin's Theatre. Here Miss Hermione Baddeley and Miss Dora Bryan share the chief honours with Ian Carmichael (who deserves much better material than he gets), and they glitter with as splendid a vulgarity as ever. Opinion is sharply divided as to whether the new version of this revue is livelier than the original. Personally I found it so.

T. C. WORSLEY

TWO MASTERPIECES

AMONGST the 30 sculptures in Holland Park, Kensington, there are two masterpieces and one work which, if not great, is certainly impressive. First and foremost there is Barlach's 14ft high bronze of a *Holy Warrior* which dates from 1928 and originally stood in front of the University Church in Kiel. The warrior, holding a sword vertical and clutching the hilt to his breast, stands astride the back of a boar-like dragon. The silhouette of the work is almost symmetrical and its shapes deliberately limited and stylised. The motif of a jagged saw-tooth, for instance, is repeated with slight variations along the dragon's mane, under its belly becoming its teats, across the feathers of the warrior's wings and under the fringe of his hair. The direction of every line emphasises in some way the determination of the vertical sword: leads one's eye from the dragon's taut weight-supporting legs to the warrior's, up the folds of his habit to his hands, firm as steel gauntlets, along parallel to the straight nose, past the right-angle of the brows, to the sword tip three feet above. It is a Protestant work celebrating the dignity—not, as is now fashionable, the terror—of the individual conscience. If one looks up at the warrior's large slightly inclined head, seeing it against the leaves of the tree under which the statue stands, one feels that its spirit of immovable courage is so powerful and intrinsic that even the slight movement of the leaves becomes something that the head *endures*. The fundamental reason for this work's power—and the reason also why many will find it dull—is that Barlach's faith gave him the perspective of vision to know exactly what he wanted to do from the start. Absolutely nothing is improvised. There are no apparent accidents. Many of the other works in the park show how these 'accidents' give an 'exciting' effect of the artist 'wrestling with his vision.' But the trouble is that as soon as such wrestling becomes self-conscious—and it has—it becomes the equivalent of shadow boxing. The one serious criticism that could be levelled against the Barlach is that the features of the dragon's head—in contrast to those of the warrior—are not deeply enough modelled.

The other masterpiece is Rodin's nude study for a Calais Burgher. The extraordinary formal strength of this work can be proved by walking round it either way and seeing how, despite its lack of any noticeable distortion, the body appears from every single angle to be held in convex tension—as though one were an archer and could fit an arrow to its bow in any direction.

The certainly impressive work is Epstein's *Pigeons* carved in 1915. A lot of nonsense is written about "the sculptural unity of the block." But these doves, perhaps partly because they are mating, do owe part of their impact to the fact that one simultaneously sees them as two distinct birds and yet one smoothed polished stone. The work is an excellent example of legitimate simplification. Not a feather has been particularised and the total shape is almost as sheer as a Hepworth; yet it contains a warm appropriate tenderness of feeling, the unmistakable character of doves and the most accurate and poetic distinction between cock and hen.

Wotruba's reclining woman is a work of considerable dignity and the contrast between its massive architectural blocks and the flow of the landscape lines that connect them is imaginative and highly skilful. Henry Moore's draped figure is a replica of the one on the Time and Life building. Here it looks much more effective. (I should like to add that however much I question the principles and main direction of Moore's art, I have never wished to deny his *comparative* power.) The Manzu and Greco girls are too intimate and suave to be seen out of doors; they need soft lights to match their soft forms. The small Nimptsh bronze stands up to daylight very much better.

I have said nothing about the setting of the works in Holland Park because on the whole the garden is used in exactly the same way as a gallery. The catalogue notes, however, are worth noticing. They are ludicrously pretentious but an excellent example of what æsthetes think is popularisation. "It is a creation from another world, and breeds poetry, without which life is barren."

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Gate of Hell," at the Rialto
"Johnny Guitar," at the Leicester Square

Gate of Hell is the third Japanese film to reach London, and the first in colour. Colour is its particular lure: what else have we been looking for, and at, all these years? Only Renoir, I think, in *The River* and *The Golden Coach*—and especially the latter—has at all approached its employment here. The pleasure, then intermittent, now accompanies from first shot to last: skies, silks, sunlight and moonlight, subdued interiors, a brown ditch, white seated figures by a lake, flags and trappings, polished wood, flame, flesh—all are, from instant to instant, remade.

If this is truly a new world, with a dimension added, the old action of the Japanese film-maker persists. The *samurai* rides through a confusion of wars and betrayals, loves tragically, seeks the devout life; violence and restraint, austerity and passion, go together; nobility, adept at sword play, meets its own sword-point; the great gate gives on to eternity. There is something here of Baudelairean intoxication and disdain, and also of Goya's black-hatted heroes; and that the legend is potent needs no more proof than that it can be so to us. What is strange about *Gate of Hell* is less its conventions—those of *Johnny Guitar* will be found to be a good deal stranger—than its poetic intensity; which contains, I believe, fewer puzzles than, say, a Cocteau film that tries to create its own mythology. As though to pass off the dignity and beauty of the original, subtitles that would disgrace a strip cartoon have been imprinted.

It is easier, at this stage, to discern what these Japanese films have in common, than to mark the differences. *Gate of Hell* comes from a new director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, who, while working within the same framework, seems both less formal and less possessed by terror and humour than the fabricator of *Rashomon* and *Tora-No-O*. He prefers contemplation, narrative, and his drama is slowed down to a single action. His materials fascinate him, colours and movements, the picture, the mournful plucking of the guitar at a moment of dramatic suspense, a musical score that most skilfully shifts from old to newer modes. That is not to say that his story lacks substance or his style incidents: out of the turmoil of the beginning comes the simple tale that will never lose boldness in the pleasures of tapestry. Must we really wait twelve months for the next Japanese film?

Even for a Joan Crawford film *Johnny Guitar* strikes me as odd. The lady, in black breeches, runs a gambling hell out in the wastes before the railway comes; wields a gun, welcomes back in her cat-and-mouse way an old lover out of the dust-storm; plays the piano when the posse breaks in, and then is going to be hanged from a bridge, sitting on horse-back in long white chiffon, when her lover cuts the rope and they ride off gloriously into the night. Everything about this film is weird except Miss Crawford, who, as usual, gets up steam with the efficiency of the 10 a.m. from Euston.

By the way, why not a Japanese festival at the National Film Theatre with more films of the kind we have enjoyed, and contemporary ones as well? It is at least probable that in Japan to-day there exists a school of film-making pre-eminent in the world. That need not so surprise us; defeat is notoriously a better patron of the arts than victory.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE Television Service puts on two plays each week, one of them being repeated, presumably that which is regarded as the more ambitious or of the wider appeal. The quality of the plays presented varies enormously; drama is the most unpredictable department in British television: for weeks one has to put up with the dreary and the silly, and then, just as one has decided that B.B.C. Podsnappery has finally triumphed, suddenly the situation changes and one finds that TV drama has become lively again. We appear to be in a period of liveliness at the present time.

Even so, it has to be admitted that of all branches of television, plays are the least easy to judge fairly. How, indeed, is one to judge them? What standards can one reasonably apply? There is, in the first place, no such thing as television drama in the sense that there is such a thing as radio drama. If sound broadcasting were to die tomorrow there would still be the plays of Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, Mr. Dillon, Mr. MacNeice and

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*

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Mr. Sackville West to show that a dramatic form peculiar to sound broadcasting existed. In TV there is, on the one hand, the play written for the theatre proper, which can always be performed more adequately on the stage, and, on the other, the play written specifically for television production, and this tends to be an uneasy bastard form somewhere between the play proper and the film.

We had an instance of this last week in *Witch Wood*, Mr. Donald Wilson's adaptation of John Buchan's novel. Let me say at once that this was very much worth doing, and very much worth seeing, for it had genuine content and a subject of real interest, the emergence of witchcraft in seventeenth-century Scotland as the counterpart of the Calvinism of the Covenanters. There was some very good acting by Mr. Tom Fleming and Mr. John Laurie, and the direction was imaginative And yet—how could one avoid comparing it with the film one could see that it might make? And how unfair that is! The trouble, of course, is that television is hopelessly crude compared with the cinema, and if our standard of measurement is a film, even so interesting a production as *Witch Wood* must seem very rough and unfinished, its virtues those of honest improvisation, to be valued for moments of effective acting caught almost in passing.

Last week's other play was of a different order altogether, its value that of the substitute for the real thing. M. Armand Salacrou is a leading contemporary French playwright and his *Special Providence* went excellently into TV; the cast was small, the action confined to a single room. There could be no comparison with film; the production could stand on its own merits. There was some notable acting, especially from Miss Barbara Everest and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald as a very old couple busily engaged in living in the past. The weakness seemed to me to lie in Miss Margaret Rawlings's performance of Aziza, the woman who discovers—and this is the main action of the play—the reason for her husband's death with the French Resistance. One's main interest, however, was to see, if one could, why M. Salacrou has not found a theatre in London. *Special Providence*, though fashionably "black" in the French way, suffered when what appeared to me the obvious comparisons were made, to Mauriac and Marcel on the one hand and to Anouilh on the other. Which does not mean that I was not glad to have the chance of seeing the play: TV is to be congratulated on putting it on.

Nevertheless, the problem of standards remains. It may be that, because of its insufficiencies, TV drama will always be a second-best. But it cannot be as good even as it might be, for simple reasons of economics. If a play is to be performed at the most twice, how can adequate rehearsal and adequate mounting possibly be afforded? The difference in polish and assurance between the ordinary TV studio production and the real thing shows whenever we are allowed to see on the screen an excerpt from a current West End production.

Then there is something else. The B.B.C. cannot hope to compete for playwrights with the commercial theatre; indeed, I imagine it is still considerably less profitable for the playwright to write for television than for sound broadcasting. What is the Television Service to do? It seems pretty plain from the new plays we see on the screen that the talent we are sometimes told is scorned by the commercial managements does not in fact exist. In a sense, the problem is insoluble, and would be even if B.B.C. Television commanded all the money in the world, for there is never at any time enough talent to go round. But one thing seems certain: the Television Service will lose nothing by being bold, whether in its choice of plays or in its patronage of new writers. One of the heartening things during the past few months has been the commissioning from Mr. Iain MacCormick, to me an unknown name, of his cycle of four plays, *The Liberators*. One, *The Promised Years*, has so far appeared. One wouldn't want to claim too much for it; it could be faulted at many points, and it plainly suffered from having to contain within itself all the seeds of the rest of the plays in the cycle. Yet it had, this play on the decision to raze a defenceless town in Italy during the war, a real moral centre. And that is not too common in plays either on the stage or on the TV screen.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

DR. GRAHAM AND THE CHURCHES

SIR,—I believe that the point raised by Mr. Hemming concerning the apparent condoning of Billy Graham's theology by churchmen is a very important matter. It has been interesting to watch developments within the churches. First, there was a studied caution, and then a swing into support by a large number. A few men nearly fell over backwards in their antics to jump upon the band-waggon after it had begun to move. But probably the great majority have felt that here is a sincere Christian with a great power to influence people, and feel that they should support him even though they cannot restrict their theology to his.

While I cannot quote Anglicans, there have, however, been a number of Free Church leaders who have realised the danger of his cosmology, and the method of presenting his message. Dr. Cooke at the Free Church Congress said he trembled for young people caught up in a fundamentalist revival movement and who would have to pass through agonies of intellectual travail before finding their peace. Dr. Donald Soper, Methodism's President for the year, has spoken in no uncertain terms. Dr. George MacLeod, of the Church of Scotland, opposed an official invitation to Billy Graham to run a campaign (though his protest was on rather different grounds). On a lower level, a great number of ordinary ministers have felt

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most uncomfortable, as the minutes of Church conferences, and the files (or waste paper baskets) of denominational newspaper offices, must reveal.

While lagging behind none in my desire to see England converted to Christianity, I am sure this minority view is right. The Christian Faith and Science seem to have found a reapprochement after the strife of last century. Some would claim that thoughtful people are beginning to be willing to give Christianity a hearing. To tie Christianity to an impossible theology and cosmology is to court disaster. It is to be hoped that more Church leaders will make it abundantly clear that they do live within the mid-twentieth century and that the Gospel belongs here as well as to the nineteenth century. Also that acceptance of it means counting the cost, working out the implications in the complicated society of today, not just an easy acquiescence offered on the spur of the moment, and very often greatly regretted afterwards.

Ebenezer Manse, A. DAVID HATTON
Newcastle, Staffs.

SIR,—It is a pity that your correspondent, James Hemming, is not better informed about Dr. Graham's "incredible theology" of "primitive fundamentalism," which he says is "intellectually untenable." The fact is that there are a growing number of theologians who are re-learning the traditional way of saying things. The biblical liberalism or "modernism" which has been dominant for the last fifty years is now on its way out. It has served a limited purpose of testing the biblical records with scientific historical techniques and discovering, after many vicissitudes, that they can stand up to the process. We now see that uncertainty concerning the Bible history has led to all sorts of inaccuracies in the preaching of Bible theology.

Dr. Graham is acknowledged to spring from a theological tradition which has been very influential in the comparatively recent past. His great progenitor Moody initiated a vast student missionary movement to which can be traced such modern developments as the United Church of South India and the World Council of Churches. The Keswick Convention has a similar theology to Dr. Graham's and that Convention has influenced and strengthened Christian work throughout the world. There are many of us who confidently expect Dr. Graham's work to bear similar fruit, not only amongst those who would immediately agree with him but also in the wider field of the various traditions and "churchmanships" of Christendom. R. M. SPURIN

Kelham Theological College,
Kelham, Newark.

SIR,—James Hemming asks, "Is it not curious that no one has raised with any vigour the matter of Dr. Graham's incredible theology?" As a matter of fact it has been a burning topic of discussion in religious circles, as a perusual of the religious press during recent months will show.

The theory of verbal inspiration has long been quite unacceptable to the main Protestant churches. And there is no doubt that there was a widespread conviction at the beginning of the campaign that it would founder on the rock of fundamentalism. Nothing for years has given churchmen (myself included) so much food for thought as the uncritical acceptance by hundreds of thousands of people of Dr. Graham's biblecism in this age of scientific enlightenment.

I am still sure that there is no future for it in the coming renaissance of the Christian religion. But the great and unexpected success of the campaign reveals, first, the vast spiritual emptiness of contemporary society and, secondly, the craving for the note of authority on these matters. HAROLD LANGHAM

Cavendish Road Methodist Church.

UNIVERSITY CYNICISM

SIR,—There must be many who will have felt, with me, that Mr. Buchanan's letter was unduly pessimistic, and even a trifle pompous. Apart from his unfortunate desire to see the world in black and white, his heroic extrapolation from his own avowedly limited experience, his strenuous search for a *Weltanschauung*, and his pitiless contempt for toleration and objectivity, all suggest an immature mind unlikely to present a true and balanced picture of University political life.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with post-war Cambridge let me say at once that there are many undergraduates—presumably outside the circle of Mr. Buchanan's acquaintance—who take a decided and unambiguous point of view on political matters; and that this number, although more moderate and realistic in its views, can hardly be much smaller than that of those who gave a more vociferous and spectacular airing to their opinions before the War. What I think Mr. Buchanan really dislikes about politics in post-war Cambridge, is not that people are not interested, or even that they do not take definite alignment, for either contention is quite indefensible. I believe that Mr. Buchanan's real grievance lies in the fact that too few of his friends admire or share his personal views, and that too few of the leading members of the political clubs are as anxious as he to take the World by storm. It may well be that the atmosphere in the garrets of St. Catherine's College is more conducive to the civilised sippings of cocoa, and to quiet natterings about the last Marx Brothers' film, than to the gestation of a new *Contrat Social*, or *Manifesto*—or even of a new Nazi Party. But who—apart from Mr. Buchanan—would wish it otherwise?

Undergraduates at Cambridge nowadays are sufficiently sensible of the evils which resulted from the fanatical idealism of the '20s and '30s to have a healthy suspicion of movements which are "questions of faith, conviction, and self-dedication." Whether we are members of the Labour or the Conservative Party, or whether we belong to the dwindling band of liberals (of all parties) whose sanity and moderation Mr. Buchanan most hates, we do *not* seek "prophetic judgment, a rallying cry to first principles": we believe that a "constructive solution to the problems that baffle us" is better to be looked for in the cautious empiricism which has dominated British politics of all shades between and including Disraeli and the Fabians.

Is this really the "arm-chair cynicism—an attitude eminently of apathy and hopelessness" which Mr. Buchanan attributes to his circle of friends? There may be many who take no interest—but this has always been so—and many among those who do who will hold totally different opinions in twenty years time—but that is right and proper. But to suggest that the former is unique to this generation, or that the latter is a mark of cynicism reveals at the best a warped outlook.

Selwyn College, A. M. C. WATERMAN
Cambridge.

SIR,—I am not impressed by the argument, used by Mr. Moorhouse amongst others, which leads to the conclusion that all must be well in University politics because of "the high membership figures of our national student political organisations." It misses the point of my original letter, which was not that undergraduates today are apathetic about politics, but that their ideas of the subject are vague to the point of cynicism because they are unrelated to any coherent set of principles. I do not like the analogy, but before I take off my jacket and jump into the political pond inhabited by Mr. Moorhouse, I want him to answer my questions, "In which direction are you swimming? Are you sure that you are not swimming in circles?" It is because I am conscious of a lack of aims in University politics, derived as they must be from clearly articulated views about the nature and the destiny of man, that I have been driven to plead for a rediscovery of first principles.

During this correspondence the suggestion has been made that the principle which has motivated the Labour Party in the past has been a burning opposition to injustice. I think that this is true, but I believe that the principle needs stating in a much more positive manner because, owing to the Welfare State, most people no longer have a sense of personal injustice. I have previously stated my conviction that a positive assertion of political principles must be derived from a philosophy which is basically either Christian or Communist, however much these may be misrepresented by their official protagonists. My own choice is Christianity, and the principle which I believe the Labour Party needs to adopt is that it is the purpose of life to love and serve our fellow men. If this principle is anything more than a jingle of words, it means that we must make sacrifices in our material standards for the benefit of our brethren in Asia and Africa; it contains revolutionary implications for our Colonial and domestic policy; and it implies also a solution to the fear of the H-Bomb and of inter-racial tension.

R. A. BUCHANAN

GOOD-TIME GIRL

SIR,—While appreciating Mary Stewart's article, I cannot agree with two of her statements. She suggests that patients are found to have lower intelligence quotients after admission to hospital than before. My own experience in several large institutions in different parts of the country is very much to the contrary. The other point is her view that high-grade patients are likely to deteriorate into imbeciles after admission. This may happen in the small proportion of patients who suffer from progressive disease. Apart from that I have rarely met such a thing. Some evidence has been produced, however, that feeble-minded patients may improve in intelligence quotient after admission, especially if home circumstances were unfavourable.

Unfortunately Elizabeth Allen's letter on this article is, unless I misunderstand her, quite unjust. She says that Mary Stewart shows "how the mental deficiency laws are misused to secure the indefinite detention of problem girls who are certainly not mentally deficient." As this sentence stands it seems to imply intentional misuse with the purpose of securing indefinite detention. As a general criticism this is quite unjustified. I do not pretend that I have agreed with the certification of every patient I have seen but I have never yet felt justified in assuming that those who have disagreed with me have not acted in good

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JONATHAN CAPE

faith. There is no clear-cut dividing line between feeble-minded and normal persons. Consequently there will always be disputes about borderline cases. She observes that many would hesitate to consider the intelligence quotient by itself as the final word in determining mental deficiency in every case. How right she is! In the preceding sentence she refers to an intelligence quotient of 70 as being accepted by most authorities as the upper limit of mental deficiency. This limit may be used in scientific investigations in which some precise criterion is essential, but that "most authorities" regard it as the upper limit is quite untrue. She quotes an investigation reported in the *British Medical Journal* in which is was found that only 3.8 per cent. of institutionalised feeble-minded girls had been pregnant or had venereal disease. But these girls have been deprived of the opportunity by being placed in institutions. I do not suggest, however, that these girls are more liable to pregnancy and venereal disease than others—I do not think they are. But the consequences, on the average, are probably worse. PSYCHIATRIST

SIR,—As Mary Stewart says, the problem of the good-time girl appears to have become acute of recent years, especially as the methods of treatment are still limited. But the problem of the older girl in this category is, to my mind, far more serious.

The young person under 17 can be dealt with by the Juvenile Court, and whereas it is sometimes felt the methods of disposal are inadequate, there is the possibility of some constructive plan being made for the girl's future. The girl out of this age-group, however, seems to be able to drift on, falling into worse company and resorting to petty pilfering or larceny on a larger scale, to supplement her income. She is generally of no fixed abode, and the ability of any voluntary supervision on the part of social workers is hampered or even made impossible, by her continual change of address. She is out of the range of a court dealing with care and protection, and unless she is charged with soliciting (which is a rare occurrence in these older adolescents) or with larceny, she is unlikely to come under any regular or compulsory supervision. In my experience, the majority of these girls are of low intelligence, bordering on the defective, but not coming within the categories of the Mental Deficiency Acts.

Naturally these girls present a very difficult problem as by the time they have reached 17-20, having avoided the care of the local authority or the probation officer, they are moulded to their way of life and are neither used nor amenable to discipline of any sort. Some of them might be persuaded into entering hostels without any legal hold over them, but it would seem that most need some force of law behind them. BETTY TITCOMB

59 Queens Road,
Reading.

GRADUATE WIVES

SIR,—Penelope Balogh invites "enlightening" letters from graduate wives with no complaints. My own opinion is that the quickest road to enlightenment would be to find out more about the social background of those who are complaining. For I am convinced that this "problem" is not a problem in its own right, but only an acute manifestation of the indeterminate feelings of resentment felt by the middle classes at their contracting living-standards. This feeling is naturally stronger among women than men, for they wage the struggle to reconcile new purchasing powers with old commitments; stronger still among mothers, in the bitterness of giving their children a less spacious "start in life" than they themselves enjoyed; strongest of all among highly educated mothers, who are exasperatingly prevented from earning, just when they need it most, the second income that would make all the difference.

I am an Oxford graduate, married to a schoolmaster and with two young children; but I had the good fortune to be brought up, for the most part, on the "dole," and so to escape that particular malaise; and from where I stand the graduate mother's lot is a singularly privileged one. Compared with other mothers, she has greater resources to illuminate the house-bound years of her children's infancy; when they start school she has four times the chance of obtaining part-time work and two or three times the pay for the hours she does put in; while when they leave home she can look on their departure as the beginning of many things instead of the end of everything. Compared with other women graduates, she has the incalculable satisfactions of marriage and motherhood; the prospect of a sunny and companioned old age; and if her work becomes exhausting, the feather-bed of her husband's income to fall back on.

There are minor conflicts, especially at first when the demands both of the children and the mother's ego are at their most clamant; but I, and many others like me, manage to assuage any post-graduate itch without incurring a burden of guilt towards neglected dear ones, by engaging in W.E.A. lecturing—when the children are asleep; part-time teaching—when they are at school; and/or sporadic free-lance writing—when they are busy with their own concerns. "Take what you want, and pay for it." Any woman graduate who wants to bring up children should know that the price is ten to fifteen years of being constantly interruptible. If she thinks the price a fair one, let her pay up and look pleasant. If not, let her abdicate; her child will be better off with a cheerful wet-nurse than a martyred mother. ELAINE MORGAN

"Noddfa," Abernant, Aberdare.

MYXOMATOSIS

SIR,—I have just read Nigel Harvey's article about rabbits. May he die the death they are dying—in dreadful agony. The fields around are full of dying rabbits; boys, with sticks, went out recently on a merciful errand, to try to give them a quick end. We are poor people, but I would rather lose a little corn, etc., despite Mr. Harvey's wonderful statistics, and let my children see the bunnies playing in the evening twilight. Words cannot express my feelings.

8 Pulborough Ave., NORAH BRIGHAM
Hampden Park, Eastbourne.

PIONIES

SIR,—I have never botanised at Stratford, but it may safely be presumed that the Orchises growing by the banks of the Avon were some species of Marsh Orchid—either *Orchis strictifolia* or (more probably) *O. praetermissa*. If so, this would seem to confirm what I have always suspected—that Ophelia's "Long Purples"

that liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them,

were in fact Marsh Orchids. The name "dead men's fingers" probably referred to the palmate tubers; Shakespeare, however, seems to have lumped together the Marsh Orchids with *Orchis mascula*, the common Early Purple Orchid, whose twin rounded tubers earned for it a number of "grosser names." His botany may have been at fault; but it seems highly probable, at any rate, that he was referring to some sort of Orchis, and I am glad to learn that he could have found his "Long Purples" so near home.

JOCELYN BROOKE

DINH AND DONG

SIR,—Critic doubtless means well when he accepts a sinologue's ruling that Messrs. Nguyen Quoc Dinh and Pham Van Dong ought to be called Mr. Nguyen and Mr. Pham. It is indeed important that the Western world should not create needless annoyance by getting Asian names wrong. In fact, however, inquiry among Vietnamese will reveal to Critic that they themselves refer to Mr. Dinh, for example, as such, for the good reason that Vietnamese first names are so common that "Mr. Nguyen" could be any one of at least a million persons (including the late Premier of Viet Nam, its present Chief of Staff, the Govenor of Tonking, the Viet Minh Commander in Chief, and even Ho Chi Minh himself). Here, as in other matters, it is rash to assume that the smaller Asian countries always accept Chinese leadership.

KIRK HENRY

Books in General

I GET a warm feeling when I remember that, in the late Twenties, I was probably the first Englishman to say a good word for E. E. Cummings as the author of *Is 5* and other poems; and that I persuaded Jonathan Cape to publish his *Enormous Room*, the most hilarious account of prison-camp life that two world wars have produced. Since then Cummings has written little—his only other long work, *EIMI*, a cross-grained comic diary of a visit to Soviet Russia is twenty years old now—and gone forward little; but neither has he gone backwards nor sold any pass. I bought his *Collected Poems* a year or two ago to see what had been happening since *Is 5* and *XL Poems* and the play *HIM*: and the poems stood up, all stalwart and American, saying: "Sure, read us if you like!"; which I did with a deal of pleasure. But—if *but* be the right copulative—I realised for the first time his close kinship with Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, who though neither so classically educated, so tough-shelled, so precise in language and punctuation; nor capable of such wicked and often pornographic satire; nor (being born into an elder generation of Puritan Progressives) so openly and happily devoted to carnality—nevertheless was as ingenuous, noble-hearted, gentle, courageous and liberty-loving as Cummings. And Lindsay proved equally apt, when least expected, to write an unforgettable line or two, or even six or seven in a row; and also equally capable of deep, brilliant, unblushing, folksy-homesy sentimentality.

Both in fact are/were ideally representative of what an American poet might once hope to be: a thing which apparently, as Lindsay admitted by his suicide, and as Cummings here indicates by his rage against "the spiritually impotent pseudo-community grovelling before the materialization of their own death wish," no American poet can plausibly hope to be again.

Lindsay in his youth tramped around the States peddling *The Village Magazine*, written and illustrated by himself—I remember one pretty stanza:

"Which is superior to which?"
Asked the snob when she came to the City.
"I want to know people to kick,
I want to know people to pity."

—and preaching the Gospel of Beauty. Anti-snob Cummings has been preaching the Gospel of *I*ness, as he calls poetic or artistic integrity, since at least 1922; and recently Harvard University, a beleaguered stronghold of U.S. academic freedom, invited him to lecture on it.* This is the poetic *i*ness he then defined:

> Fine and dandy: but, so far as I am concerned, poetry and every other art was and is and forever will be strictly and distinctly a question of individuality. If poetry were anything—like dropping an atom bomb—which anyone did, anyone could become a poet merely by doing the necessary anything; whatever that anything might or might not entail. But (as it happens) poetry is being, not doing. If you wish to follow, even at a distance, the poet's calling (and here, as always, I speak from my own totally biased and entirely personal point of view) you've got to come out of the measurable doing universe into the immeasurable house of being. I am quite aware that wherever our so-called civilization has slithered, there's every reward and no punishment for unbeing. But if poetry is your goal, you've got to forget all about punishments and all about rewards and all about self-styled obligations and duties and responsibilities etcetera ad infinitum and remember one thing only: that it's you—nobody else—who determine your destiny and decide your fate. Nobody else can be alive for you; nor can you be alive for anybody else. Toms can be Dicks and Dicks can be Harrys, but none of them can ever be you. There's the artist's responsibility; and the most awful responsibility on earth. If you can take it, take it—and be. If you can't, cheer up and go about other people's business; and do (or undo) till you drop.

In the first two nonlectures, as he prefers to call them, he described his old-hickory-cut New Hampshire father: crack shot, fly-fisherman, cameraman, woodsman, clergyman, sailor, actor, photographer, painter, carpenter, plumber, ornithologist, taxidermist, Harvard lecturer and hero. And his Roxbury mother: poetry-lover, Quaker, charity worker, heroine. And himself as a child, secure in a home which was all that an ideal American poet's home should be: and where he read Scott, Dickens, Jules Verne, Harrison Ainsworth, Malory, Froissart, the Bible, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Lorna Doone*, *Treasure Island* and *The Arabian Nights*—odd! no Twain, Alger, Fenimore Cooper or Melville! —and now thanks a beneficent Providence that he passed through his childhood without

> . . . ever once glimpsing that typical item of an era of at least penultimate confusion—the uncomic non-book. No paltry supermen, no shadowy space-cadets, no trifling hyperjungle-queens and pantless pantherwomen insulted my virginal imagination.

One of the penalties of this New English education was that he learned at an early age "the one and only thing which mattered about a poem was what it said: it's so-called meaning." He records:

> A good poem was a poem which did good, and a bad poem was a poem which didn't: Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic being a good poem because it helped free the slaves. Armed with this ethical immutability, I composed canticles of comfort on behalf of the grief-stricken relatives of persons recently deceased; I implored healthy Christians to assist poor-whites afflicted with The Curse Of The Worm (short for hookworm); and I exhorted right-minded patriots to abstain from dangerous fireworks on the 4th of July.

And being a good son and citizen he has never altogether divested himself of this obsession about goodness, even after celebrating a sort of Doge-wedding with the vicious Seine at Montparnasse; nor indeed of the red H which his mother knitted into his first jersey and which, printed on his heart, sent him to read Classics at Harvard 40 years ago and has now called him back there again to deliver his nonlectures. Towards the close of each of these he read out his favourite poems, and what were they? *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, in full, for his mother's sake; a passage from *Prometheus Unbound*, for Liberty's sake; a border ballad in memory of Harvard's Professor Francis James Child, who had baptized him; two pieces from Dante; three from Shakespeare; Burns's *Red Red Rose*; Keats's *Grecian Urn*; Swinburne's *When the Hounds of Spring*; and (in frank tribute to Old Carnality) Donne's *To His Mistress Going to Bed*.

By thus loyally keeping his first loves in poetry always before his eyes, and not realizing how unworthy some of these are (judged by his own standards of *I*sness) to be set beside some of the others, he does his heart more credit than his five sound senses. Nor is he abashed to write, endite and publicly recite so intrinsically corny a sonnet as the one beginning:

> i thank You God for most this amazing
> day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
> and a blue dream of sky; and for everything
> which is natural which is infinite which is yes.
>
> (i who have died am alive again to-day,
> and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
> day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
> great happening illimitably earth).

In 1945 he ran, as he reminds his nonlectured, to the rescue of "this self-styled world's greatest and most generous literary figure, who had arrived at our nation's capital, attired in half a G.I.'s uniform, and ready to be hanged as a traitor by the only country which has ever made even a pretence of fighting for freedom of speech"—with the plea that this nontraitor had been "true to the illimitable country of his own personal art." Thereupon he rages against "the supermechanized submorons . . . dedicated to a proposition that massacre is a social virtue because murder is an individual vice." Here I personally cannot follow him; the self-styled world's literary figure had compromised his *i*sness by raving anti-poetic generalities over the Fascist radio, and recommending that all Jews in Italy, as in Germany, should be sent to the gas-chamber. And the G.I.s who made a buck-show of him when they caught him were, I assume, acting *i*sly, on individual impulse; castigating not the artist but the truth-perverting tool of *i*slessness.

Cummings is at his best here when, as a "burlesk addict of long standing," he mimics the voice of the America that he hates yet continues to live among:

> John, viii, 7.
> So now let us talk about something else. This is a free country because compulsory education. This is a free country because nobody has to eat. This is a free country because not any other country was is or ever will be free. So now you know and knowledge is power.
> An interesting fact when you come right down to it is that simple people like complex things. But what amounts to an extraordinary coincidence is mediocre people liking first-rate things. The explanation can't be because complex things are simple. It must be because mediocre people are first-rate.
> So now let us pull the wool over each other's toes and go to Hell.
> John, viii, 7.

I regret that he did not include in the readings from his own work such jocund verses as *She being brand new*, describing Old Carnality in terms of the internal combustion engine; and the well-worn but ever-living mock-heroic stanzas beginning:

> come, gaze with me upon this dome
> of many coloured glass, and see
> his mother's pride, his father's joy,
> unto whom duty whispers low.

---

* *Six Nonlectures*. By E. E. CUMMINGS. *Oxford: for Harvard University Press*. 24*s*.

"thou must!" and who replies "I can!"
—yon clean upstanding well dressed boy
that with his peers full oft hath quaffed
the wine of life and found it sweet—

a tear within his stern blue eye,
upon his firm white lips a smile,
one thought alone: to do or die
for God for country and for Yale.

. . . Yale, not Harvard! And therefore with the shocking pay-off at the close.

ROBERT GRAVES

BALLAD OF THE FIVE CONTINENTS

In blue Bristol city at tall-tide I wandered
Down where the sea-masts their signals were shining,
I heard a proud seaman on the poop-deck reclining
Shout to the stars that about the ship blundered
On the high harbour lie six shifty daughters
Their bodies are straight, their eyes are wide
Here is the key of their burly bedchamber
I have unlocked it, I replied.

As I went down Water Street beneath the blond sun
The trees of cold Christmas screaming with starlings,
Sweet screamed the birds as my delicate darlings
Scanned at my hand the black-buttered gun
Think of the collar my bonny, my beauty
Think of the hangman with hands so red
Pray, pray that he does his duty
I am that hangman, I said.

As I walked in Wine Street the silk snow was falling
And night in her Asian hair hung her comb,
Soft sang the yellow-faced seaman of home
The gong and the coconut-fiddle recalling
In the vermilion forest the dancer
Adorns with gold thorns his holy head
Will you not seize his hands, his fingers?
I am the dance, I said.

In Bread Street in summer we saw the boys hauling
The Yankee-white wheat on the bowl of the bay,
Between us the sword of the sun where we lay
Bloody with poppies, the warm sky our shawling
Sly sing the sirens on the coast of California
The oyster-fingered, the easy-eyed,
Tiding their tune in the gin-wicked palaces
The song is mine, I cried.

Down by the dockside the green ships groaning
Ten-roped writhe on the ragged sea,
Blessed are they with the laurel tree
Now in the prow stands a saint for the stoning
Sound the salt bell on the mound of the ocean
Fish for a prayer in the pool of the dead
When the storm strikes, speak the word on the waters
I am that word, I said.

Envoi

I am the Prince
I am the lowly
I am the damned
I am the holy.
My hands are ten knives,
I am the dove
Whose wings are murder.
My name is love.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

PHILOSOPHY WITHOUT SYSTEM

Dilemmas. By GILBERT RYLE. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is no reason why philosophy should be obscure, technical and academic. It may often be difficult, because it is by definition entirely general and entirely abstract. But only historical accident has sometimes made it the peculiar lore of learned men in universities; most of the greater English philosophers have deliberately written, as men of letters, for a wider public. Its subject-matter is not confined and it does not require peculiarly academic gifts. Unlike scientists and historians, philosophers do not come nearer to the truth by the accumulation of evidence. They go forward in unpredictable leaps, when they go forward at all. They do not research, and their books need not be long; for the kind of truth they want can usually be briefly stated, when once it has been clearly seen.

In these published lectures, first delivered at Cambridge, Professor Ryle writes in the older English tradition, without technicalities and learned allusions. From the first page to the last the argument is easily followed and brilliantly illustrated by example. His earlier book, *The Concept of Mind*, which had an outstanding effect on contemporary philosophy, was written in the form of a prolonged essay rather than as a systematic treatise. A single leap was made, a new simplification tried, and it is left to later philosophers to judge how much ground has been gained. Professor Ryle's style in argument depends upon surprising and simple analogies and on a forceful, down-to-earth vocabulary, which together make scholastic distinctions seem pretentious and unreal. Metaphysical problems appear in a new form, as a set of puzzles which can be stripped to their elements by discarding philosophical theories.

In these lectures the hero is the plain man, plain scientist, plain historian, who goes about his business without further pretensions, knowing that his particular approach to reality is only one among many others. He is corrupted by the temptations of philosophy only when he is persuaded that the conceptual tools of his particular trade can be adapted to any and every purpose. The artisans of knowledge must be kept working within their own appropriate guilds, and the philosophy of good sense will briskly settle any boundary disputes between them. Physics does not present the whole truth about the world, nor do everyday statements, nor do any combination of sciences or any single type of discourse. Each asks its own form of question, and uses its own appropriate methods. Dilemmas arise at the points of intersection of different types of discourse, and Professor Ryle here states and resolves eight such dilemmas. They are the problems of fatalism, of Zeno's Achilles and the Tortoise, of the nature of pleasure, of the relation of the world of science to the everyday world, of the relation of technical concepts to untechnical concepts, of perception, and of the relation of logic to language. He remarks that not all these problems have the same pattern of difficulty; some are elementary confusions and some are not. But in each case he argues, first, that it is impossible to embrace either horn of the dilemma, and, secondly, that it is not, in the last analysis, necessary.

I know of no book that presents one important aspect of contemporary philosophy more clearly than this one. Its whole argument is directed against the idea of a philosophical system. So far from systematising himself, a philosopher's work is to resist the systematising tendencies of others, and to return the cobbler to his last. Historically regarded, this is a strange reversal of roles, as if philosophers had become anti-philosophical. Most (not all) of these dilemmas have in the past arisen out of some overriding theory of the possible forms and limits of human knowledge; if they are considered neutrally and without any theoretical preference of one form of knowledge to another, they become almost too easily tractable as a set of unnecessary confusions. This repudiation of system is the last deposit of positivism, and it partly explains the common complaint that philosophy, at least in England, has recently changed its character. It is not true that the large questions of philosophy are no longer asked and answered; rather they are no longer asked and answered as large questions, but as a complicated web of little ones. Perhaps this is a mark of the times and is a philosophy in itself. After the philosophical radicalism of the Thirties, no one wants to be caught again saying "Yes" or "No" to very simple questions in a very simple tone of voice—for the moment at least, until another leap forward is made.

But these lectures are more than illustrative. They have great force, wit and conciseness. And there are passages in which Professor Ryle, like every other philosopher, leaves common sense behind, and, driven by logical theory, arrives at a typical paradox—for instance, that one cannot use the pronoun "it" with its normal force in referring to a future event. These unregenerate passages best show the impulse which makes philosophical theories; they point to the real difficulties, which common-sense can never resolve.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

THE HIEROGLYPH EXPLAINED

George Herbert. By JOSEPH H. SUMMERS. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

George Herbert devoted his poetry to God and found in composing it the *Quidditie* or essence of what mattered most to him:

it is that which while I use
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

This identification allowed him to write with splendid spontaneity. There was tension indeed, but a tension "betwixt God and my soul" not between this belief and that. The resolution, though he might not achieve it, was always well known to him. He had not only an exceptional lyrical gift for turning this good situation into poetry but the luck to inherit the Elizabethan metaphor (in which anything goes provided that it works) and the aristocratic scope for being well informed about a large area of contemporary life, from the Court and the ways of power to the goings-on of his parish. So the terms in which his poems are written are as richly varied as the themes are constant. Much of his poetry is plain enough to be understood at once, but a good deal is puzzling, as poetry must be if it is written about the motions of the soul in a background of seventeenth-century theology and in terms of an everyday life that has disappeared.

Professor Summers's commentary on George Herbert's religion and art is the model of a learned essay. Well versed in all that has been written before, he is never overloaded with other people's views, and while he enjoys detecting new material and relationships he never loses the right true aim of making us understand the poetry and enjoy it. Accepting the general picture of Walton's "holy Mr. Herbert" he sees that there are certain naiveties in the traditional biography and that these should be removed because the poems are certainly not the work of a naive man. Walton never asked why Herbert was unsuccessful in the fifteen years he gave to "the ways of Honour." Professor Summers's answers are in the form of a fascinating account of the relationship with the Crown of Herbert's friends, Lord Bacon, Sir Edward Herbert and Sir John Danvers; and he gives full effect to Herbert's own pacifism in uneasy opposition to Prince Charles's desire for war with Spain.

It is impossible briefly to do more than hint at the subtlety, vigour and close order of Professor Summers's analysis of the religious and cultural ideas which shine through the poems. His insistence on Herbert's almost Calvinist view of the Covenant of Grace is particularly worthwhile (for predestination now seems a problem that worries people less) and he clinches our appreciation of the matter by the unexpected proof that the most accurate religious interpretation of Herbert's poetry has come not from Anglicans, but from dissenters. To illuminate Herbert's

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remarkable inventions in the metrical patterns of his poems Professor Summers gives a brilliant working-out of the theory of the poem as a hieroglyph—a construction in which the verse becomes the image and emblem of the subject. This is obvious in the poems made in the shape of an altar or of wings; it is also a key to "the extraordinarily formal picture of anarchy" in *The Collar*.

Mrs. Bottrall's book on George Herbert (reviewed here recently) is an admirable introduction to the man and his poetry. If Professor Summers's work is deeper it is also more difficult. Those who enjoy the panoply of literary criticism, learned, subtle, plainly expressed, will find it deeply rewarding. The author is an American and he makes a good many references to other American critics in the same field—a pleasant reminder of the present high tide of English criticism on the other side of the Atlantic.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

THE TEACHER AS ARTIST

Schoolmaster's Harvest. By J. H. SIMPSON. *Faber*. 18*s*.

People in School. By E. B. CASTLE. *Heinemann*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Both these writers begin from the first important principle about education: teaching is an art and the schoolmaster is an artist, and no theory or system or administrative measure can be a substitute for the teacher, or make a bad teacher into a good one. Good systems, of course, are better than bad ones in so far as they prevent the bad teacher being too bad, and help the great mass of merely moderate artist teachers (for moderate the great mass is always bound to be) to be less bad than they may otherwise be. But the good teacher transcends any theories, however hard-dyed or half-baked, and unlucky or even, one might say, useless is the school which does not contain at least one of these master artists.

Mr. J. H. Simpson, the author of *Schoolmaster's Harvest*, is the right person to remind us of this, for his experience goes back a good many years and covers an exceptionally wide range. It was even rarer thirty years ago than it is now for those who began their teaching in the private school system to cross the great gulf which separated it from the State school system. Mr. Simpson passed to and fro several times. He begins his charming and instructive book with memories of the prep. school he attended in the Nineties:

> Of the life itself it is not unfair to say that it was primarily a toughening or hardening process in which children learnt to conceal or repress their more tender emotions and to create for themselves a fairly cheerful and self-embroiled existence away from their homes.

The conditions could, no doubt, be made to sound barbaric by modern standards, but Mr. Simpson is not a sensationalist and awards a cautious "better than tolerable and in the last year definitely enjoyable," and finds that the educational advantages offered by such thoroughly wrong-headed places still had a decided advantage over the average primary school.

So, too, in his account of Rugby of fifty years ago, Mr. Simpson concedes the virtues of a system which, geared as it was to a very tight state of social organisation, reflected, in its strict conventions and its repressive conformity, the standards and habits of a particular class at a particular period of its development. Like the other schools of the time, Rugby cared little about the individual; it was primarily interested in the school as a community and reserved its honours and awards for those who directly served it. But Mr. Simpson, though he himself was to move in different directions, does not minimise the benefits that accrued incidentally to the individual.

The "departure from orthodoxy" came with joining the staff of Gresham's, Holt, under G. W. S. Howson. Howson would hardly count as a progressive in our progressive day, but the degree to which the bounds of absurd restriction were loosened under his regime seemed immense. Howson was not a "modern"; "Sunshine and Puritanism" was how a contemporary summed up the prevailing atmosphere at Holt, and his famous "honour" system certainly lays itself open to easy ridicule. But Howson had the touch of genius which could make any system work, and Mr. Simpson makes us see why and how. By contemporary standards Howson depended too much on his own forceful and large personality and the loyalty which it could be expected to exact. His system worked (except with the recalcitrant minority) as long as he was there to work it, and most people who came under his influence found it as stimulating and refreshing as a fresh breeze.

In between Gresham's and a return to Rugby as a junior master, Mr. Simpson spent two years as an inspector and saw some of the seamier side of public education:

> I took away with me vivid memories of crowded, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms; of the so-called "Galleries" in which children seemed to be almost irretrievably wedged, of small and depressing playgrounds overshadowed by high walls, of staff rooms which were an insult to teachers.

How pleasant and easy by contrast with these harried, over-worked and under-paid teachers, seemed the complacent spaciousness of a school like Rugby. Mr. Simpson was to return to the tougher sphere when he undertook the direction of an old style Teachers' Training College. But before describing his experiences there (and his chance of experiment in self-government as headmaster of Rendcomb), he brings in an illuminating contrast in personalities. On the one hand the devoted Rugby senior master, G. F. Bradby, a character straight out of a C. P. Snow novel, powerfully influencing the ethos of a great school not from the top but from just below the top, a solid rock of sane conservatism in a shifting world. On the other hand the completely revolutionary Homer Lane steering his Little Commonwealth along its tempestuous course. Somewhere between these extremes the course of English education has now found its winding path.

In *People in School*, for instance, Mr. E. B. Castle describes a Quaker school which seems to have found an equilibrium between them. Mr. Castle is looking back on his own headmastership, it is true; but we sense in him enough self-criticism to be able to trust his account. Self-criticism is just the element left out of the make-up of the self-confident masters, the Howsons, the Homer Lanes, the Bradbys; its absence is an element in their greatness. Its presence in Mr. Castle made him no doubt a much easier and more human head to deal with, and since great men are now out of fashion—perhaps it is a loss—his liberal and sane approach is welcome, and his account of it will be helpful to those with the same standpoint.

RICHARD LISTER

MASTER OF IDEAS

W. B. Yeats. By G. S. FRASER. *Longmans: for the British Council*. 2*s*.

Mr. Fraser begins his essay with an interesting series of adverse current opinions about Yeats held in turn by George Moore, T. S. Eliot, T. E. Lawrence, Robert Graves (note that Ezra Pound is not one of these) who in successive decades pronounced that Yeats was finished, an interesting survival of no further significance. The habit continues even now in the fashion among the young of Mr. Fraser's own generation who look upon Yeats as an old fool, a sort of Gypsy Petulengro interested in occult phenomena, and wonder how he ever came to write the poetry whose greatness no one any longer wishes to question. As against these views, Mr. Fraser quotes Mr. T. S. Eliot's statement, when Yeats died, that "He was one of the few whose history was the history of our own time, who are part of the consciousness of our age"; and examines the strange paradox of the poet whose style and subject-matter were ever at odds with current fashion, and who yet emerges as so representative a figure. He points out—justly, I think—that Yeats's aristocratic values, his sympathy with the proud and the beautiful, the exceptional and the noble, is the natural and instinctive morality of mankind:

> . . . a morality based on the instinctive admiration we feel for those who excel us—is more firmly rooted in us than we think . . . For all our preoccupation today with "security," we still have hankerings after the heroic.

Mr. Fraser does justice—and this is the outstanding merit of a very just and sympathetic essay—to what he calls Yeats's "broad and deep humanity." The rejected lover of Maud Gonne, the political agitator, the experimental occultist, the countryman, the Irish Senator, and, at last, the world-honoured poet great in the wisdom of old age, are given their consistency by that humanity. A literary school, a political or religious creed seems, in an age idolatrous to ideologies, an absolute to which men must be servants. Yeats was great enough to know that man is the measure of all things, that ideologies can only be judged by the quality of the human beings that they tend to produce. Yeats made use of current movements precisely at the moment when they were of living significance for him; and then, with a true poet's instinct for what at a given moment is relevant, and when it is no longer so, passed on. Yeats was the master and not the servant of ideas, knowing as he did that man makes all "lock, stock and barrel, out of his bitter soul."

Yeats was, no doubt, fortunate in being a citizen of a country where quantity and number have not dwarfed that human scale; and Mr. Fraser has, I think, resolved his paradox—it is only under exceptional conditions that, in the modern world, certain characteristics are able to survive. It is fortunate for us all that such exceptional conditions enabled a poet to live by, and speak for values that seem likely to be submerged for many centuries, but which, nevertheless, are as enduring as our humanity.

It is to Mr. Fraser's credit that he respects

Bertrand Russell

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Coleridge's injunction—"until I have knowledge of a man's ignorance, I hold myself ignorant of his knowledge"—and passes no judgment on the unusual sources of the poet's ideas. Yet I wish he had not made the mistake—a mistake that will not appear so trifling to all his British Council readers as it may to the English—of implying that Yeats's Indian sources were Buddhist when they were in fact Hindu.

KATHLEEN RAINE

NEW NOVELS

The Ampersand. By JACK COMMON. *Turnstile.* 10s. 6d.

The King's Man. By FÉLICIEN MARCEAU. Translated by DAVID HUGHES and MARIE-JACQUELINE MASON. *Barker.* 12s. 6d.

Horseman, Pass By. By DENNIS PARRY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

The Dark Glasses. By FRANCIS KING. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

The act of writing, indeed the very wish to write, tends of itself to turn the working-class writer into a middle-class man; for personal ambition, the desire to excel and stand out among one's fellows, though it leads all the rest for the middle classes, is not a value that ranks high in the working-class scale. So, while we have many writers from the working class, we have very few that remain of the working class. It is Mr. Jack Common's great strength that he does. He has kept his relish for the life he knew in his youth and a firm hold on its values; he shows his readers working-class life from a working-class point of view.

In essence, though not in form, *The Ampersand* is a sequel to *Kiddar's Luck.* It takes up Mr. Common's story at the point where the earlier book ended, with the hero leaving school in Newcastle during the first world war and looking for a job. But the hero Bill Kiddar has now become Bill Clarts, and Mr. Common tells his story in the third person instead of in the reminiscent first. It is this, I suspect, that accounts for the impression of thinness (but thinness only as compared with the prodigal richness of *Kiddar's Luck*) that the novel makes; for Mr. Common, it seems to me, was born to write in the full spate of the first person and is inhibited by using the third. Then, of course, in *Kiddar's Luck* he was writing about childhood, and childhood, when successfully recalled, has always the quality of myth: in childhood, giants walk the earth, magic rules. Bill Clarts, however, is adolescent; the accepted universe of childhood has become something to react against and break away from.

Nevertheless, *The Ampersand* is a delightful novel. We meet Bill Clarts, aged fourteen, on the first page of the novel looking for a job.

> Up to this point in his career he'd succeeded in keeping the harsh realities of a corner-lad's existence at bay by constantly reading or contriving fictions. All his comings and goings, battles and defeats, were attended by a running commentary which softened and interpreted events so that his dream-personality could continue to flourish over them. These imaginings had sketched him a hundred fine careers. Now at the moment when he needed only one, fiction deserted him.

In the ordinary dead-end jobs open to boys of his class he knows that fiction has no scope. But fiction, with its vague promise of expanded personality, comes back to him when he espies the "& Co." signs in the commercial district of the town. "Clarts & Co.": he must win his place, carve out his own territory, in "the empire of the ampersands." How he sets about it is Mr. Common's story. Bill Clarts has his affinities with Mr. Cary's Charley Brown: knowledge and experience being lacking, imagination must make up for them; and Clarts is almost as much alone in the world as Charley. It is he who decides that he will go to the Commercial College, he who gets himself a job as office-boy in a firm of solicitors where, in the abnormal conditions of wartime, he finds himself very soon doing the work almost of a managing clerk. He comes to a bad end, inevitably, because imagination is not an adequate substitute for knowledge: his fiction does not square with the facts and, an innocent "fiddler," his naive "fiddlings" merely make him the unwitting tool of a much more knowing one, the dipsomaniac solicitor Mr. Dillop.

Mr. Common brilliantly re-creates Clarts's environment and period. Mr. Common has a robust mind, and Clarts is not made pathetic: this fat youth with the untidiness which is his form of social protest, has, we are persuaded, the resilience of an india-rubber ball. He bounces his way through a gallery of excellent characters rendered with an eye to idiosyncracy that gives them something of the hallucinatory clarity of figures in Dickens. This is a novel steeped in the feeling of life as it is lived.

I would also strongly recommend M. Marceau's novel, which is a work of considerable literary and intellectual power. Its theme is ambition, ambition as a passion. It is set in an imaginary European country which has fought on the wrong side in the first world war. Its hero, Rudolf Malcar, is an unemployed member of the ruling class a social democratic revolution has displaced. He is searching for something to live for, and he finds it—the exercise of power—after persuading his girl friend to become the mistress of the Crown Prince. For the sake of power, effective power, he rejects the chance of marrying money and becomes the leader of a Right-wing nationalist organisation of ex-officers and ultimately dictator. M. Marceau's imaginary country seemed to me wholly convincing. *The King's Man* is, I suppose, an amoral novel: Rudolf, Frieda whom he loves and who is the King's mistress, the King himself, Frieda's titular husband, and Rudolf's wife, all live in a state of almost ideal amity, so that the novel has the air of an innocent idyll; and the amity rises from the common pursuit of them all, which is power. *The King's Man* manages to be at once romantic and highly unsentimental.

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and it is easy to see why. All the qualities mentioned in the quotations on the jacket from reviews of his earlier novels are present in *Horseman, Pass By*: he knows how to manipulate a plot, he is intelligent, and he writes with wit. I read his novel with considerable admiration but with no great sense of satisfaction at the end. For while all his characters are lifelike enough, and the action plausible, the total effect did not seem to me one of life at all. Indeed, I thought the total effect highly literary. It was clever of Mr. Parry to make his hero Hughie Kilfoyle a water diviner, less clever to make him quite so modish. He is middle-aged, a near-failure, wanting only to remain uncommitted and yet unable to resist the blandishments of his own sense of pity and his feeling of responsibility for others. Mr. Parry is anything but a slavish imitator, but I found it impossible, reading of Kilfoyle, not to remember Mr. Greene's reluctant heroes and Mr. Chandler's Marlowe; while other parts of his novel for me smack too much of Mr. Patrick Hamilton's work. *Horseman, Pass By* is very readable and worth reading; but on the evidence of this nove I would think Mr. Parry has still to find exactly what he wants to say.

Mr. King's novel is disappointing. We all know, since we have read of it so often, that the nicest Englishmen lose their nonconformist scruples when set down on the Mediterranean littoral. Mr. King's hero is altogether too dim and hollow to be anything so vague even as nice; but by making a pass at a fifteen-year-old Greek girl on Corfu he precipitates a deal of stabbing, which leads him, when he is safely back in England, to find himself "strengthened by the terrible, morbid beauty of this world as it had at last been revealed to him." A bit pretentious, I can't help feeling; especially since it seems that if he'd only made his passes at the girl's brother there would have been no stabbings at all. I think this novel rather a pity, for Mr. King can write very well indeed.

WALTER ALLEN

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BRITAIN AND EGYPT

Anglo-Egyptian Relations 1800-1953. By JOHN MARLOWE. *Cresset.* 30*s.*

Mr. Marlowe has written a book which no one who speaks or writes about Egypt can afford to leave unread. The fact that it was completed before the latest dissensions in the Junta does not detract from its usefulness, since the author's basic analysis is corroborated by the events which took place after he had finished writing. Although he sees clearly enough the weaknesses of the Egyptian political character and social order, he also realises that Britain cannot evade a large share of responsibility for those weaknesses. Indeed, the special value of this book is that it is neither pro-Egyptian nor pro-British, but dispassionately critical of both sides in the Anglo-Egyptian partnership. Mr. Marlowe's estimate of both Cromer and Zaghlul is lower than my own but, although he never conceals his personal judgments, he states the facts of this complex and confusing relationship more objectively and succinctly than many more pretentious historians. It is useful, for instance, to be reminded that, in the reconquest of the Sudan, which culminated in the Battle of Omdurman, Egypt contributed the lion's share of both money and men, and that the terrible endemic disease of bilharzia was introduced into Egypt by the British engineers who developed the system of perennial irrigation.

About one of the most famous incidents in Anglo-Egyptian history, Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal shares, he is able to show that the authorised British version is a myth. Most of us believe that Disraeli brought off a brilliant coup, which gave the British Government control of the Canal. The facts are very different.

> The British Government had acquired something like 40 per cent of the Company's ordinary shares and had become the largest ordinary shareholder. But Disraeli had overlooked two important points. The first point was that Article 51 of the Company's bye-laws laid down that twenty-five shares entitled the holder to one vote, but that no one shareholder could have more than ten votes. The second point was that by a decision of the Suez Canal Company Board in 1871, Ismail was deprived of any voting power in respect of his shares until 1894 as a result of his having hypothecated his dividends until that date. Disraeli had been duped by Ismail, who, by waving the Dervieu option in front of him, had induced him to pay substantially more than the market price for shares which gave the British Government no voice in the management of the Canal, although this was Disraeli's avowed object in purchasing them. Even on the false assumption that an effective voice in the management of the Company was a relevant factor in the strategic control of the Canal, Disraeli had made a blunder. He had spent £4,000,000 of his country's money without having asked Parliamentary sanction beforehand, without telling Parliament the true facts of the case subsequently, and without having bothered to ascertain what he was receiving in return. In the light of the cold facts, it is difficult to know whether to be amused or disgusted at Disraeli's childish and mendacious boast to the Queen, "It is yours, ma'am."

I wonder whether there is another example of a statesman not merely saving his bacon, but achieving lasting fame by sheer mendacity.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

SUPER NATURAL HISTORY

The People of the Sea. By DAVID THOMSON. *Turnstile.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Celtic peoples, unlike their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, have never been Naturalists—a John Ray or a Gilbert White could hardly have happened in the Highlands or in Connemara. The reason is probably temperamental, the Celts being a brooding introspective race, acutely conscious indeed of the external world, but not expecting to find uniformity there, not looking for natural laws. On the contrary, the Celtic outlook has led to a natural magic, fanciful, fearful, utilitarian, rather than to the pointless natural history which is so pleasant a part of the English tradition.

It has always been so and it still is. "The seal," said a Mayo fisherman to Mr. Thomson, "is a kind of fairy anyway. She's under some kind of an enchantment"—and there followed, supernaturally enough, a leisurely and fascinating story of how a seal saved the five Cregans when they drifted more than sixty miles from Altmore to the coastguard station of Killybegs, and returned by land after a fortnight in time for their own wake. "'It's a terrible thing,' said a slow voice somewhere, 'to be at a wake and no corpse.' 'Five of them gone and no corpse,' said the man in the corner." But five live revenants were even better than five corpses.

However, not all the Irish are as backward as that in these days, thinking in terms of fairies and enchantments. Another fisherman who had spent twenty years in the British Army and had read a large number of English books presented the more up-to-date and scientific view when he told Mr. Thomson that "the seal and mermaid are both mammalians, you must understand. They both suckle their young from the breast." Which was the necessary prelude to another charming story of how a mother seal looked after a human infant for three days when it had been left on a rock-ledge in an Atlantic cave. "And he grew up to be a great man, a fine young man, and a remarkable swimmer. He was a great swimmer."

Mr. Thomson, a Scot, has a passion for seals and seal lore. It has led him to the Hebrides, to West Cork, to the Mayo coast, to the Shetland Islands, and to Orkney. And he must know more of what the Celts know about the seal—as opposed to what the commonsensical English think they know—than any other living man. And with great skill—and, as anybody knows who has tried to reproduce folk tales, with what concealed but accomplished artistry—he has set down story after story, some sinister, some gay, so that to read them one can hear the very voices of the story-tellers. There is no heightening of the drama; and above all there is no attempt, as Synge sometimes attempted, to add further colour to the quite natural felicities of the language. There is a curious appendix on the music of the seals and their songs—for these People of the Sea are of course more than half human.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Masks of Jonathan Swift. By WILLIAM B. EWALD, JR. *Blackwell.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

American critics often ask, in dealing with any author, "What are his basic strategies?" This has the disadvantage of prejudging the issue, for it makes of the author, before ever we come to terms with him, a strategian, a manipulator by remote control. It assumes from the first that whatever situations we find the author in, he will be in command of them. Hence when Mr. Ewald declares, "Swift was a writer who knew how to control his materials in order to reach a goal," he is only following out the implications of his own terms of reference. For he has discerned and here traces in operation one of Swift's favourite stratagems, the use of a *persona* or mask. As Mr. Ewald demonstrates with some subtlety, Swift's *personae* vary very greatly in the degree of independent life that Swift allows them. At one end of the scale is the fully developed fictitious character such as Lemuel Gulliver or Isaac Bickerstaff; at the other extreme are shadowy *personae* such as "the Church of England man" whose "sentiments" are only very slightly different from Swift's own. It is in dealing with these latter that Mr. Ewald is most successful and most original, as when he points out that the famous dictum, "proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style," should be taken as spoken in character by the supposed author of the work in which it occurs, that supposed author, the *persona*, being slightly yet demonstrably different from the real author, Swift himself.

Because of the assumptions underlying his critical method, it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Ewald would find a greater "aesthetic distance" than most critics, between the author and his works; that he would minimise the extent to which Swift as a suffering being is implicated in his own creations; and that he

would insist upon the sheer comedy in even his bitterest satires. It is the same assumptions which make him so confident. He is almost absurdly careful to cite chapter and verse, yet he has a lordly way with other critics, as when he rejects curtly Dr. Leavis's case about the "flayed woman" passage in *The Tale of a Tub*. But then Dr. Leavis is thinking, as always, not in terms of strategies governing whole works, but of Swift's tactics, his bewildering changes of front in the compass of a single paragraph. Dr. Leavis stays close to the experience of *reading* Swift; Mr. Ewald, to the experience of thinking about it after.

Sir William Petty—Portrait of a Genius. By E. STRAUSS. *Bodley Head.* 25*s.*

Sir William Petty was called by Marx the founder of economic science; he was also a sailor, an inventor, an anatomist, a surveyor and speculator in land, a Latin poet and a wit. In order to describe this tumultuous character, Mr. Strauss has produced what he calls a "biographical portrait." Unfortunately his new treatment retains many of the old-fashioned failings: his style is prolix, his judgments fulsome, his quotations modernised. And his book has been given a most unattractive appearance.

But Mr. Strauss's work must largely replace the sole and standard biography, for he has taken advantage of the fascinating materials published since Fitzmaurice wrote, and has profited from the experts' reappraisal of Petty's economic thought. He tells the packed success story (from cabin-boy to Cromwellian profiteer) with detailed relish, yet shows how Petty, a founder member of the Royal Society, though ruthless and guileful, always remained a man of ideas as well as a man on the make. It was this very fertility of ideas that prevented any further rise, for amongst other radical notions, he supposed politics could be reduced to "number, weight, and measure"; and the independence of his intellect could find no place in the Restoration's struggle for power. The last twenty years of his life were thus filled with confused attempts to discover an outlet for his superabundant talents. Mr. Strauss faithfully displays the confusion, and amply exhibits the brilliant variety of Petty's mind.

Voice from the Ranks. Edited by KENNETH FENWICK. *Folio Society.* 15*s.*

Sergeant Timothy Gowing of the Royal Fusiliers served from beginning to end of the Crimea campaign. Tall, bearded, immensely strong—he survived to produce nineteen children—he worshipped the God of Battles with all the fervour of a mid-Victorian Evangelical. This account of his adventures in the Crimea, where he succeeded in finding himself in the thick of every important engagement from the Alma to the storm of Sebastopol, overflows with the pride of the Happy Warrior—with that "war spirit" which, he rhapsodically declared, "lies latent in the breast of every Briton." "Where is the Briton," he demanded, at the end of the book, "who would not do or die to uphold our glorious old flag?"

Fascinating reading though it makes, the historical value of the book is very uneven. Clearly it was written many years after the events it describes, and though the editor has pruned away the irrelevancies he has left much, in the interests of preserving a continuous narrative, that has been lifted straight from the pages of Kinglake. (He has also strangely muddled the diplomatic background.) But there are plenty of passages which have all the immediacy of direct experience: the advance into the Russian fire at the Alma, with the enemy round-shot coming "hopping along" and "a cold shivering running through my veins"; the row with the quartermaster who would issue no blankets without a proper signature; the muddy nastiness of the trenches before Sebastopol, and the grisly horror of the battlefield at Inkerman. The hardships of the Crimea winter are vividly described, as they were stoically endured; but the naive incognizance of the Army of the Crimea, so dismally out of place in the supply services and on the Staff, revealed itself in the fighting battalions as a serene confidence which, even in the darkest moments, could visualise nothing but victory. Every blunder and inadequacy could be redeemed by use of "that nasty little piece of cold steel" in the hands of men like Sergeant Gowing. The Crimea was the last war in which it could.

Growing Up In An Egyptian Village. By HAMED AMMAR. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

Dr. Ammar's study of education in a village in Upper Egypt has its appeal for readers interested in the sociology of Middle East peasantry as well as for those who concern themselves with educational questions. Having been trained in a tradition in which the social framework of education receives as much attention as the narrower problems of schooling, Dr. Ammar has put into his book a great deal of information of the kind which one looks for in a general community analysis. His hardworking attempt to present "a study of the social and psychological aspects of education in a village community in which an interdisciplinary approach has been adopted" is certainly worthy of praise, but the strenuous eclecticism of the Introduction ("Theoretical Leads and the Methods of the Study") and much of the scholarly apparatus, do little justice to the less pretentious and more sober conclusions in the main body of the book.

In Part One Dr. Ammar outlines the economic and social life of the village, and there is enough in what he says to contribute significantly to the slender literature on the varieties of Muslim society. Part Two contains the account of Growing Up—child training, life crises, the world of children—and the analysis of the traditional and the modern school systems. The author has his lapses into naivety, but he has done both his countrymen and his colleagues some service.

Time After Earthquake. By EVAN JOHN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The late Evan John flew to the Ionian Islands immediately he heard news of the earthquakes there in August, 1953. He did not know quite why he was going; but looking back on his journey at the end of it, he was able to say that he had in fact succeeded in directing and bringing aid to quite a number of distressed villages that the major relief efforts had missed. This account of his journey has something of the character of the journey itself. The major part of the book hangs by only the most tenuous threads from the avowed theme—the reader grows slowly exasperated at his inability to imagine what the author is going to talk about next—and yet as he comes to the end of the book he finds himself beginning to relax, to recall many agreeable stories and observations. No clear impression of the scene after the earthquake ever emerges; strong and simple prejudices expressed against (for example) Italians, or self-pity in unfortunate people, may arouse light dissent; but all coheres in the personality of the author, whose "go," enthusiasm for other people with "go," eccentric historical knowledge and delighted eye for odd contemporary fact keep his story going always briskly along.

Realms of Silver. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

The Exchange banks of the Far East originated in the mid-nineteenth century when the progressive decline of the East India Company opened the field to traders and financial institutions. The centenary of the founding of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, is celebrated in this history. The Bank was promoted by James Wilson, who had earlier founded *The Economist*, and got to work in the late fifties after some opposition from the East India Company, and difficulty in raising capital.

The earlier period of its history is well described, showing the Bank accommodating itself to the different commercial traditions of the East, and to the alterations in banking practice resulting from the opening of the Suez Canal and the extension of the electric telegraph. It was a cautious bank, maintaining and improving itself despite wars, revolutions and earthquakes; it survived financial crises with little trouble. The story is told, with all Mr. Mackenzie's skill and fluency, in a mixture of finance and biography, against a background of the fall in the price of silver. In some ways he has tried to do too much, and the Bank is often lost in a mass of other issues. But economic historians will be grateful that the first part is more satisfying than the normal run of business histories.

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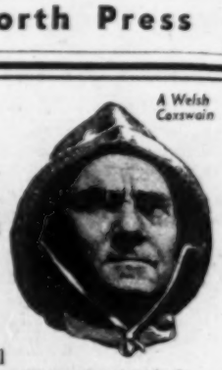
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Set by James Reeves

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,265

Set by Angelina McCorquodale

An American magazine now advertises a Play Dentist Kit for children (" . . . educational and so much fun. Has 30 accessories for cleaning, drilling, filling, extracting."). Competitors are invited to invent the least suitable modern toy for children, with enticing description (bombs banned).

Report by Angelina McCorquodale

Charles Addams alone could judge adequately the vast and brilliant entry. Bad taste, as was required, abounded. Happy inventions included The Head Shrinking Set, The " Sang-souci " Blood-transfusion Set, The Oky Dope Outfit, The " Wellbred " Artificial Insemination Set, The Toddler's Butcher Set, and there were a dozen variations of The Young Mortician Set.

Impossible to put the nine printed in any sort of winning order, so they get a guinea each, and deserve more. Some also rans follow them, and there are especially honourable mentions for Derek Gregory, Goodwill, Cyril Hughes, Vidley Carraday, G.R.M., C. G. Pearson, S. John Peskett, Stanley J. Sharpless and Apple Tree.

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CIVIC Responsibility. Make your boy municipally conscious by giving him a Bactro model sewage disposal unit. Complete with settling tank, sludge hoist, rotary bacterial filter, seepage galleries and 7 lb. bag of activated sediment. Booklet from Educo-Hygeia Ltd., 7, Jakes St., W.C. J. P. STEVENSON

Revolutionary!
The Mama-Doll with a Difference!!
THE MAMA-2-B!!!
Contains irresistible baby-doll to which she will give birth as often as desired. Delivery completed, just unscrew Mama-2-B's torso and replace little stranger.

For Big Brother, companion obstetrician's kit (mask, forceps, anaesthetic). Your children learn a simple, reverent approach to Nature's mysteries. SHEILA STERN

MITRES FOR LITTLE MITES
A complete *Bishop's* outfit in miniature comprising mitre, staff and robe, hat, coat and gaiters: together with simple instructions for holding confirmations, writing charges, ordaining (and unfrocking) clergymen, rebuking and excommunicating sinners and other amusing pastimes. Entertaining and Elevating. Anglican or Roman as desired. H. J. R.

THE STREET WALKING DOLL
A really *cute* doll, saucily dressed and carrying long handled umbrella. When pinched on bottom (well made and will stand plenty of hard wear) says " Like to come home dear? " This lovely doll is very reasonably priced but may cost a little more in the West End. BARBARA RICKARD

Every large family needs a SIZZLER—the nursery electric chair. A gentle shock from the mains. Three sizes and dolls' special. Kit includes convict caps, warders' truncheons, plastic hoods in pastel shades, reprieve petition forms, prayerbook, Mickey Mouse voltameter, greasepaint to make artificial burns, death certificates, newspaper bills, quicklime. TANCRED

Ideal for the thoughtful child—the MINIMORT model Crematorium. Tiny doors open at the touch of a button, and the next asbestos Coffin slides into realistic glass-walled Furnace, operated by Calor gas. Miniature pianola plays Dead March. Complete with Hearse, Minister (surpliced or plain), Undertaker, and 16 Mourners. YORICK

This is the Electric Age. NOVELTOYS, LTD., offer for the delight of the intelligent up-to-date child, a miniature electric milking machine, complete in every detail, comprising dynamo, pulsator, liners and phosphor-bronze milkpails. Also 12in. rubber cow, with hollow interior to hold two pints milk. Housed in fully-fitted shippon. ALLAN M. LAING

BOYS! Tattoo your buddies and earn big pocket-money NOW with our electric NON-FADE SUPER-KIT. Genuine Mohawk face-designs enclosed. Washing cannot smudge. FOR THE OLDER JUNIOR: apply our intimate PLITE-A-TROTH patterns where only you and *she* will know. A lasting love-token. State A.C. or D.C. KINROY

CHESS : Twisting the Lion's Tail

No. 245

It's great fun, though not without some risk; the lion, after all may turn and snarl and bite. In Chess, of course, most of the snarling and biting is done by H.M. loyal officers and men, assigned to protect his royal tail and to shelter his august presence. To break through such shelter usually requires some risky sacrifice; yet, there is nothing more exhilarating than an attempt to force a quick decision by a direct attack on the King. Here—reported by Paul Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*—is a pretty example. Matulovic (at Belgrade, 1953) has already sacrificed a piece to drag the K into the open; now another one must go.

(1) Kt-Kt5!	K x Kt	(9) Q-B5ch	K-R3
(2) Q x KP	Kt-B3	(10) R-Q3	Kt-R4
(3) Q-B5 ch	K-R3	(11) R-KR3	P-KKt3
(4) R-B3	Q-K1	(12) R x Kt ch!	K-Kt2
(5) R-KR3 ch	Q-R4!	(13) Q x KP ch	K-Kt1
(6) P-KKt4!!	Q x R	(14) Q-Q5 ch	K-Kt2
(7) P-Kt5 ch	K-R4	(15) Q x P ch	resigns
(8) Q x Q ch	K x P		

Here—won by Mondria in a correspondence game, 1943—is an instructive (and amusing) object-lesson how *not* to play chess. White does a lot of tail-twisting; he ought to be bitten, but he isn't. Black could have refuted the unsound sacrifice by (6) . . . K-Kt1. He doesn't, and he never gets a second chance.

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(7) Q-B3!	Q-K1
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(8) P-KKt4!	P-KR4
(3) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(9) P-K6!	P x P
(4) B-B4	Kt-Kt3	(10) Q x KKtP	Kt-B3
(5) B x P ch?	K x B	(11) P-Q4	R-R3
(6) Kt-Kt5 ch	K-Kt3?	(12) P-KR4	resigns

Finally, (Diagr. R) a fairly recent (1952) brilliancy of Dr. Tartakower's. So as to start a bit of tail-twisting he first sacrifices a piece. The rest is thunder rather than silence, except for the *coup de grace*—a beautifully " quiet " move.

(1) B-R3!	Q x B	(5) Q-KB7 ch	K x Kt
(2) Q-Kt5 ch	K-K2	(6) R-K1 ch	K-Q5
(3) R-Q7 ch!	Kt x R	(7) Q-B3!!	resigns
(4) Q x Kt ch	K-B3		

(1) . . . Q x Kt would be refuted by (2) Q-Kt5 ch, K-K2. (3) B-Kt2 etc.

A: V. Schmidt
1865

B: F. Amelung
1897

C: F. J. Prokop
1927

The 4-pointer for beginners is quite in the key of this week's theme-song. It is a game position in which Black neatly forced the issue. It is a mate in (at most) five moves. **B**—White to draw—should be a 6 points-bargain for those who know their Troitzky; let them take the very useful hint that this is remindful of one of Troitzky's most famous stalemate studies—the one dedicated to Steinitz. But **C**—White to win—is very subtle and no bargain at all, even at 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 242. Set May 22

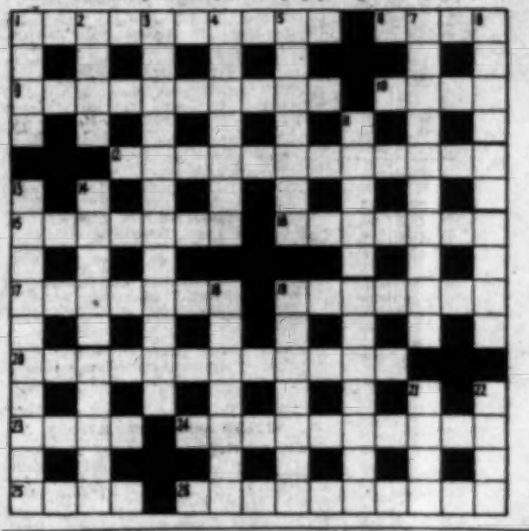
A: (1) . . . R x P ch. (2) P x R, B-B6 ch. (3) K-R2, Kt-Kt5 ch. (4) P x Kt, P-KR4. (5) B-R6, P x Pf etc.
B: (1) R-B1 ch, B-Kt8. (2) K-Kt3, P-R7. (3) K-R3, P-Kt7. (4) R-B2, P queens. (5) R-R2 ch etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6, Kt-R5. (2) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Kt4. (3) Kt(7)-K6 ch, K-R3! (4) P-Kt7, Kt-B4 ch. (5) K-Kt4, Kt x P. (6) Kt-Q4 etc.
if (3) . . . K-R4. (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt4. (5) Kt-R7 ch etc.
if (1) . . . Kt-Q5. (2) K-B4, Kt-B3. (3) P-Kt7, Kt-K2. (4) K-K5, K-Kt4. (5) K-K6, Kt-Kt1. (6) Kt-Q6, Kt-R3. (7) Kt-B5, Kt-Kt1. (8) K-B7, Kt-B3. (9) Kt-Q7 etc.

Nearly a score of correct solutions, even though a good many competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of C. Prizes shared by J. D. M. Bell, L. R. Brain, X. Caballero (one of our Swiss competitors), F. Jaeck, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 104

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 104, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 22



ACROSS

1. His ambition is to get together a capital collection (10).
6. Second-hand in the omnibus edition (4).
9. Boils stones (10).
10. Not the enemy to hit back (4).
12. Confusion of a prophecy about more savage people (12).
15. Spoil and send back the food for a German town (7).
16. The conservative seems to suggest the opposite of an easy life (7).
17. It is a mineral, but there is a little algebra in the back (7).
19. A large number of price suggestions for money-boxes (7).
20. America was Donne's (12).
23. Tiny letter (4).
24. Hard measures are not the thing for fools (10).
25. Plant which sometimes has a spike in front (4).
26. Transports hop so erratically in journeys (10).

DOWN

1. The joint for a drink (4).
2. One in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia (4).
3. The buildings insist on a doctor (12).
4. Cutting the devil with a mixed gin (7).
5. Changed people indeed with slight alteration (7).
7. When there are no means of checking tired fellow-workers (10).
8. Burial (4, 2, 4).
11. Inexperienced members, but they are useful in the garden (5, 7).
13. Transatlantic red (10).
14. Avoid sinking, in a way, but it does not involve walking on the surface (5, 5).
18. He does not work for a living and may have to retire north (7).
19. Folk-song for a nymph (7).
21. The desert looks the reverse of a quagmire to me (4).
22. Demands nearly all of the jobs (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 102

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 102

J. A. Ewart (*London, W.8*), *A. J. Roycroft* (*London, N.W.3*), *D. F. Byrnes* (*The Hague*).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate.—Box 8626.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7gns. Tel. 286.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Bienheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5gns. wk. Summer 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

COME to Sunny Ventnor, I.o.W. The historical Crab & Lobster Hotel offers every comfort, superb cuisine, Continental Chef. Delightful cliff gardens. 8-11gns. per week. Write Hotel, Dept. B.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

CORNWALL. Sandy beaches, good food, mod. terms. Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Nr. Penzance. St. Buryan 391.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere,-good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 6gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

PROFESSIONAL woman with cottage on Cumberland fells welcomes holiday paying guests. Reasonable terms. Box 8558.

PEMBROKESHIRE, comfortable accom., good table, lobster meals supplied. Own boating, modern convs. Vacancies July 3-24, July 31-August 7, Sept. 4 onwards. Mod. terms. Mrs. Thomas, Alandale, St. Davids.

TRETHEVY Hotel estate, Tintagel, N. Cornwall, embraces the "Rocky Valley Carvings," subject of Illustrated London News article, Jan. 9. Vacancies June, early July, Sept. Brochure.

GLORIOUS Devon. "Sea View" Guesthouse, Woolacombe. Adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Children welcome. Good tab'e. Mod. terms Mrs. Garness. Tel. 44.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gsthse. Combe-martin 428. Min. sea. (Bkd. Jly 17/Sep. 4)

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & c. Excellent food. Terms from 5gns. 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. Hove 39389.

CORNWALL (nr. Fowey). Treyarnon, Tywardreath. Overlkg. sea. Bkfst., evng. meal. No gratuities. Highly rec. 5gns. Par 2208.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BRANSCOMBE, S. Devon. Now until end July, XV Cent. cott., 20 min. secl. beach. Modernised. Bourne, Lancaster Cottage.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. If you're taking your holiday later, have a few days break from work now. Enjoy fresh air, fresh food, excellent cooking. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

IDEAL Guest House, country near sea and bus. Also furnished flat, quiet and peaceful, one or quiet couple. B. M. Harris, Coombe Walter, Abbotsham, Bideford, Devon.

YOUR Summer Holidays in "Britain's Finest Climate" (town claim)—informative brochures free. Pleasant Private Hotel, rec. by readers, has vacs. till July 17 and from mid-Aug. 5½/7½gns. incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, etc. Twin Beds: Slumberlands; h. & c. Two comfortable Lounges. Meat/Vegetarian. No Lift. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., between Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Own beach tent opposite. Beautiful unspoilt Downs and country nearby. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

DUBLIN: Cassidy, 47 Pembroke Road, central, bed/bfast. 12s. 6d. or £2 15s. wkly. h. & c., bedrooms. Phone 696801.

SPEND your holidays in Bretagne in homely Hotel Rocharvor Perros-Guirec, France. Terms 950-1,400 francs, everything inclusive.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

GUESTS welc. in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½gns. Nora Frame, Mariner's Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

PORTUGAL: Englishman's country house near Lisbon, in Sintra Mountains near sea; full board, lodging, Aug., Sept., Oct., 5gns. wkly., no extras. Powell, Av. Infante Santo 372-5 D, Lisbon.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5s. from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

COMFORTABLE Residential Clubs, Hampstead, students, young business people; television, dances, etc. Partial board. Sharing from 47s 6d. Application Forms, 13 Belsize Avenue, London, N.W.3.

GRADUATE household. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Single room, 45s. 6d. p.w. Young person pref. HAMpstead 8109.

W.C.1. Lge. sgle. well-fur. rm., use mod. cons. £3 5s. TER. 8161.

QUIET bed-sit., ground floor private house Chelsea, near Sloane Sq., 66s. inclusive service, baths, light, heat, good breakfast. Very comfortably furn., suit business man. FLA. 1050 before 10 or after 6.

HIGHGATE: Large double room. C.H., light, gas, share kit./bath. Garden. Suit 2 female stud. £3 p.w. de Villiers, 3 Avenue Rd., Highgate, N.6. MOU. 2110.

W.C.1. Well-fur. flat suit 2 bus. people avail. New Zealanders/Australians/others intstd. cleanliness. 5½gns. TER. 8161.

TWO rooms to let together or separately, own entrance, kit., bathrm., cent. htg. For ladies or a couple. MEA. 2648.

ACCOM. offd. sgle. girl June-Oct. craftsman's country home nr. Newbury. Yng. furn. Husband away wkdys. Write McCurdy, Tads Cottage, Froxfield, Petersfield, Hants.

W.C.1. Suit prof. man, comf. bed-sit. rm., c.h.w., use kitchen & bathrm. Central htg. 52s. 6d. No extras. HOL. 6237.

EXQUISITELY furnished self-contained top flat, 2 rooms, kitchenette, use bath. £3 10s. PRImrose 0506.

DELIGHTFUL modern single furn. room, Marble Arch. Cooking facilities. 11gns. a month. Box 8835.

FURN. s/c flat, all convs. Grnd. floor. Select. 2 adults. £5 5s. p.w. Reduce long lease. Min. 48 wks. S. 51 Sandford Rd., Bromley, Kent. RAV. 3063 after 1 p.m.

LARGE room (fully furn.), 1st floor; garden, kitchen. 37s. 6d. Domestic service as reqd. Refs. Swiss Cottage. Box 8756.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TWO single div. rms., suit stud. or M.P., 15 mins. House of Commons. B. & B., meals ex. 91a Grosvenor Rd., S.W.1.

OWN sunny b/s. & share lady's flat, suit bus./prof. lady, Willesden. Box 8725.

FURN. flat, large sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen-dining-room, share bath, own meters, 10 min. Highgate Tube, 5 min. buses. Couple or 2 friends. TUDor 6810.

QUIET attractive bed-sitting room to let Stamford Hill. STA. 5085.

DIVAN-lounge ground floor Hampstead, exclusively furnished. H. & C., use kit. & bthrm. Prof./bus. lady. MAI. 0215.

ON Somerset Hills, lovely walking country, furnished bungalow, sleep four. Private site. Garage. Main services. Vacant July 10-16; July 31-Aug. 7; and September. Also paying guests in house (smallholding). Watters, Down House, Pyleigh, Lydeard St. Lawrence, Taunton.

PART old thatched cottage to let, sleeping 3; £3 p.w.; or single bed-sit. 30s. p.w. All elec.; sea 150 yds. Box 8722.

BEXHILL 2 miles, bus passes; proprietary caravan on secluded woodland site, flush toilets, all conveniences. June 19-July 10, Aug. 14-Sept. 4. Kloofs, Whydown, Bexhill. 'Phone Cooden 2839.

MODERN 4-berth and 2-berth caravans to let. Vacancies. June/July/August/Sept. Private site near beach. Long Rock Garage, Penzance.

CARAVAN, Eccles Coronation towable 10 H.P. car, 4-berth. 6gns. July, 7gns. August. Box 8554 or ring CUN. 2265.

ADVERTISER reqs. 2-rm. furn. flat cen. London, wd. exch. 7-rm. 1815 house & gdn., suit children, Midland town 1½ hrs. Lond., period from autumn. Box 8753.

EXCHANGE house central Oxford by Cherwell, 3 weeks August, for house quiet seaside. Box 8651.

COUPLE with baby urgently seek small flat North London, willing to baby sit. Write Box 8799.

YOUNG Danish student and decrepit 2-seater seek broadminded easy-going landlord in S.W. London to provide daily evening meal and full board at week-ends. Adventurous food a definite asset, but £4 inc. p. week is top limit for both of us. Box 8864.

YOUNG T.U. official and wife urgently require unfurnished accommodation in daily reach of Clapham. Exchange for flat in Portsmouth if desired. Box 8632.

MALE (28) reqs. furn. acc. with room for own piano. GRA. 0495/Box 8672.

COLLEGE lecturer (woman) reqs. unfurnished/part-furnished small flat. Central London pref. Box 8723.

UNIV. couple require furn./unfurn. flat Greater London area. Box 8757.

UNIVERSITY lecturer requires London flat or house, July-Aug. No children. M. Green, 8 Spring Hill, Sheffield, 10.

WRITER, B.B.C. man, marrying July, skts. quiet s/c. furn. flat London. Box 8783.

REQD. bungalow or caravan for 2, Nr. Aldeburgh, June 27-July 3. Box 8694.

COUNTRY accom. close London as pied-à-terre desired by doctor engaged research work study. Pref. no children. Pleas. tranquil surroundings appreciated. Box 8738.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia.—The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Psychiatry. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on July 31, 1954.

LONDON County Council, New County Secondary School at Tulse Hill, Norwood. Headmistress required for this new school accommodating 900 girls to be opened in September, 1955. Appointment will take effect earlier for the purpose of preliminary planning. The school is intended to work in close relationship with a voluntary aided secondary grammar school. Initially the school will be in Burnham Group 10 (head's allowance £390), subject to review when numbers are stabilised and courses fully developed. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond the normal leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education, with special provision for courses in needlecraft and commerce. There will be a deputy head with a substantial allowance, and adequate provision for other posts of special responsibility as well as for administrative assistance. A person of wide experience, considerable organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Tulse Hill obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, S.E.1. (Candidates who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form EO/TS 10B). Closing date June 19.

ELIZABETH Fry Memorial Trust, Spofforth Hall, near Harrogate. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Warden which becomes vacant at the end of August, 1954. Spofforth Hall is a family rehabilitation and training centre for mothers who have been unable to give adequate care to their homes and children. There is at present accommodation for ten mothers with children under school age; some come voluntarily under the National Health Services Act, and a limited number come as a condition of probation following conviction for neglect of their children. Spofforth Hall is managed by a committee appointed by the Society of Friends, the Warden is responsible to the Committee for the management of the Home. Applicants should have an understanding sympathy with the difficulties of the mothers sent for rehabilitation; they should be able to direct the work of the staff and to build up an atmosphere of friendly co-operation with both staff and mothers. The salary scale is from £350 a year with full residential emoluments. Commencing salary will be fixed in relation to the age and experience of the person appointed. There is a superannuation scheme. Applications giving full details of training and previous experience and the names of two persons to whom reference can be made should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York.

CITY of Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery. Training Scheme. A vacancy exists for one year's training in the Department of Art. Applications invited from University graduates, men or women, age 21 to 30, salary £395-£460. For particulars and application form apply to Trenchard Cox, C.B.E., M.A., F.M.A., Director, Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, 3. Applications by Monday, June 28.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Deputy Superintendent and Assistant Matron reqd. at Wood Vale, W. Norwood, S.E.27 (L.C.C. home for 280 children, 5-15 yrs.). Comparable res. expce. and/or qualfs. (e.g., H.O. Child Care Cert.) essential. Salary: Dep. Supt., £600 rising to £721; Asst. Matron, £450 rising to £512 10s. both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Applics. invited from married couples or, for the appropriate post, from individuals. No accom. available for dependants. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/676), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Care Committee. Resident Foster Mothers required for Children's Home in Oxfordshire. Salary £350 by £15 to £410 per annum less £108 per annum board and lodging charge. Preference will be given to Home Office training or some other recognised qualifications. All appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine, South Farnborough, Hants. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in the Centrifuge Unit. Required to take charge of small scientific unit concerned with effects of acceleration on man and animals and to be responsible for detailed planning, from a fundamental aspect, of long-term programme of a physiological nature dealing largely with changes in the circulation. Candidates should preferably have had some previous experience in the physiology of the Nervous System and of the special senses. Candidates must have been born on or before December 31, 1922. They must possess a first or second class Honours degree in an appropriate subject; but this requirement may be modified by the Commissioners in the case of a candidate who is in other respects exceptionally well suited for the post. Salary scales: £1,090—£1,472 (men); £978—£1,315 (women). Starting salary determined on assessment of successful candidate's qualifications and experience. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.4339/54. Application forms to be returned by June 28, 1954.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations: This pensionable post in the Commission (London) with responsibility for Classics and General papers will become vacant in autumn 1954. Age 25-30 on August 1, 1954, but well-qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: Degree, preferably with first class honours, in Classics or in a classical subject in combination with some other subject. Good university or school teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing, semi-administrative work. Salary, including extra duty allowance, where payable, £475—£1,383 men, £475—£1,216 women. Starting salary up to £1,048 men, £877 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4338/54. Applic. forms to be returned by June 25, 1954.

TATE Gallery. Assistant Keeper Grade II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post. Duties include assisting the senior staff with the technical examination of works of art and the keeping of technical records, classification of the collection, supervision of photography, the establishment and recording of copyright. Age at least 22 and under 26 on June 1, 1954, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces service or for established civil service. For exceptionally well-qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must normally have a university degree with First or Second Class Honours but a candidate without this qualification may be considered if exceptionally well qualified by training or experience. Candidates graduating in 1954 may be considered. Some knowledge of the history, theory and practice of the visual arts and also of one or two modern European languages is essential. Experience of working in a national collection an advantage. Salary scales (at present under review), £440-£655 (men), £440-£549 (women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and in certain cases for service with H.M. Forces. Promotion may normally be expected within seven years to the post of Assistant Keeper (First Class), for which the scales are at present £844-£1,331 (men), £712-£1,162 (women). Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4337/54; completed application forms must reach him by June 24, 1954.

AN opportunity for young, versatile and ingenious electronic engineers to gain experience in the application of transistors to a wide variety of circuits is offered by The English Electric Company, Ltd., Luton. Interviews may be arranged locally to suit applicants' own convenience. Write, with full details, to Dept. C.P.S., 336/7 Strand, W.C.2, quoting Ref. 1325.

THE Workers' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser in connection with the pilot scheme for intensive development of trade union education in the Cleveland area of Yorkshire. Salary scale £500 to £600 a year. Form of application with conditions of appointment and details of the pilot schemes may be obtained from the W.E.A., Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

ISRAELI Children's organisation in London invites applications for the post of Appeals Organiser. Applicants of good educational standard with pleasant personality, possessing organising ability, knowledge of Jewish affairs and free to travel, should apply in handwriting, to Box 8653.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £25 month less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Workers' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser in connection with the pilot scheme for intensive development of trade union education in the Tyneside Area. Salary scale £500 to £600 a year. Closing date for applications July 3. Forms of application with condition of appointment and details of the pilot scheme may be obtained from District Secretary, W.E.A., 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption; after care. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by June 30. (695.)

WANTED: Assistant Matron with experience, Rest Home, run on non-institutional lines for elderly men & women. Understanding and love of old folk, knowl. of nursing, & a sense of humour essential. Pleasant house in country within easy reach London. Happy atmosphere. Good salary to suitable applicant under 45. Write, stating qualifications & experience, to Box 8022.

MALADJUSTED Children's community school req. child care worker from Sept., spare time activities, gen. supervision. Interested in handicraft or music. Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Care Committee. Married couple required for joint appointment as Superintendent and Matron at Caldicott House Children's Home, Shillingford, which has 26 children aged 4 to 16 years. Training in Child Care or in Child Education or experience in any other associated form of social work will be an advantage. Salaries—Superintendent £326×£15 to £371. Matron £296×£15 to £341. (Value of emoluments £209 each.) Appointment is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

"HIGH Wick," St. Albans, Herts. Centre for psychotic and grossly maladjusted Children (3-10 years). Resident House Mothers required for new posts vacant shortly. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with children, initiative, humour and understanding. Apply for further details to Group Secretary, Mid-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, St. Albans City Hospital, Normandy Road, St. Albans.

ASSISTANT Matron, also Housemother, required for Sarah Laski Children's Home, Manchester, catering for healthy, short-stay children. Congenial post. Apply Matron, 38 St. Mary's Road, Manchester, 8. Telephone Cheetham Hill 2058.

LAME girl with high surgical boot required to demonstrate improved type of appliance. Box 8650.

ST. MARYLEBONE C.L.P. invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary-Agent, man or woman. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application forms from D. Maurice, 88 Park Road, N.W.1, to whom they must be returned not later than June 26, 1954.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST wanted immediately in busy travel office. Languages and knowledge of Continent an asset, but not essential. Must be prepared to work long hours when required and to work on own initiative. Five-day week plus occasional week-end work for which overtime paid. Salary from £385 upwards according to experience and age, rising to £445. Phone Mr. Hunt, AMB. 2495.

PART-time Secretary required by City office to handle French and German correspondence. Write Box 8808.

SHORTH.-typist, English-German, five half-days, for professional office. State age, experience, salary reqd. Box 8675.

SHORTHAND & copy typists for our temporary staff, a week or more, 10-5. No Sats. Also perm. posts. Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. Introductions to good permanent posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, Mus. 7379.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 25 Hilgate Street, London, W.8.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

TEMP. shorthand-typists & copy-typists reqd. for interesting work, by hour, day or week. High rates of pay. GER. 1069

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, estab. publishers. Exp., age, salary. Box 8930.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament Street, S.W.1. & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road (opposite New Victoria Cinema), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Up to £7 10s. per week.

MOTHER'S help required by University teacher's wife. London. July onwards. Box 8684.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AUSTRALIAN grad. (Law) 24, legal & admin. experience requires interesting position, 1-3 years. Box 9752.

OVER-40 seeks position where legal commercial knowledge required. Highest references. Box 8822.

MARRIED woman, 30, ex. Child Welf. Officer, L.S.E. Soc. Sc./Child Care Certs., S. Typing, Driving, urgently reqs. post London 1 yr. Interested Soc. work, Ment. Health & the Arts. Any lively, worthwhile job consd. Gd. salary reqd. Box 8553.

2 WOMEN studs. would like summer vac. work in France, farming pref. Box 8550.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

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DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service Please telephone BAY. 1786.

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ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting, Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS, etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS, of any length by arrangement, 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Join now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Apply for new membership terms for married couples.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

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PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LONG Crendon, 4-roomed old-fashioned cottage of character. Main services. 2 additional rooms suitable for modernisation. Garden. Garage. Picturesque residential village. Bus services Oxford, Aylesbury, Thame. Miss Mack, Weavers Cottage, Long Crendon, Near Aylesbury. Telephone 362.

FREEHOLD studio-bungalow (4 rooms), all modern conveniences, one acre garden and woodland, for sale in Sussex beauty spot near South Downs. £2,000 (or less with less land). Vacant possession. Cooper, 17A Wigmore St., W.1.

SMALL estate overlooking N. Cornish coast, magnificent sea views, comprising 7 acres historic beauty spot, 10 acres good pasture land and 6-bedroomed country house now used as private hotel. Owner going abroad. Box 8861.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 772

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

THE Polyglot for Languages. Tuition, translations, typing in English and foreign languages. Private lessons, classes, all grades. Enrolments daily, 1-10 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Rd. (nr. Leicester Sq. Station). TRA. 2044.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

MODERN creat. ballet, develops body and mind. Classes for amats. Hilde Holger, 27 Oval Rd., Regents Pk. GUL. 6822.

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JULIAN Gardiner, Teacher of Singing. Voice production for singers, speakers, actors, stammerers. WES. 2366.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses at the Wiltshire Residential College. Weekend, July 16-18, "Travels in Sweden." Countryside, people, history. Week, July 26-Aug. 1, "The Claims of Biography." A discussion of some modern biographies and the popularity of the literary form. Aug. 2-8,* "The World Since 1930." A review of books, plays, pictures and music produced in the last 20 years. Aug. 9-15,* "The Middle Class Family." A discussion of the position of the middle class to-day. Aug. 16-22.* "Wiltshire and the West." Local Archaeology, History and Geology, with visits to places of interest. * On these courses children are cared for in a tented camp. Full Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

FABIAN Summer Schools: July 31/August 7 Beatrice Webb House, Dorking; August 14/21 Prensham Heights, Farnham. Speakers include: Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., George Darling, M.P., Denis Healey, M.P., H. D. Hughes, Roy Jenkins, M.P., Roger Mansell, John Parker, M.P., Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart M.P., Brinley Thomas, Ronald Williams, M.P. Details from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BIGWOOD Holiday Camp, Nr. Abingdon, July 3 to 16, 1954. Set in beautiful Oxford countryside, luxurious chalet accommodation. Organised by the British Federation of Young Co-operators, the recognised Co-operative body for young people between 18 and 28. Cost £5 10s. Lectures and Discussions on "Co-operation in the Colonies"; day trip to Coventry; rambling; swimming; tennis, etc. All young people welcome. Details from or bookings (with £1 deposit) to the B.F.Y.C. Secretary, "Parkfield," South Ealing Rd., London, W.5. Please state age.

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hedgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

SUMMER Course, Rosenberg Institute, St. Gall, Switzerland. Organiser Dutch group would welcome participation British boys/girls 12-20 courses mod. languages July 20-Aug. 20. Costs Sw. frs. 540 (appr. £45) excl. journey. Travel from Hook of H. and stay St. Gall under competent male and female leaders. Inf. and early appl.: Dr. A. de Vlettter, representative Ros. Inst., Bloemendaal, Netherlands.

A "Foreign" Holiday in England. Enjoy a stimulating holiday in international company at our house parties nr. Windsor or in Cornwall (July 24 to August 29); tennis, bathing, dancing, discussions, German, French and Spanish language lessons or exchange. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

VIENNA University Summer School July 15-Sept. 30. Experienced Professors lecture on German Language and Literature for Beginners and Advanced. Academic qualification not essential. Enqs.: Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853. (Representatives in the U.K.)

HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 8th Course will be held this summer from July 21—Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

BRAZIERS—the centre that is also a fellowship group: June 25, "Holiday Painting & Sketching"; July 6, "Anglo-Italian Seminars"; Aug. 4, "Sensory Summer School." See further under "Lectures."

PERSONAL

EDUCATED Dutch girl, fluent French, knowledge English, requires work London, July 3 months or year, mother's help, etc. Experience children. Box 8774.

FRANCE, Italy tour, Sept. 11, 4 wks. London retn., Rolls brake. Camp equipment. Duniopillo. £29 incl. No food. Ditto Brixham Devon coast, camp farm 2 wks. dep. Lond. July 3, 17, 31, Aug. 14, £7. Box 8773.

FRENCH/Moroccan boy, 16 years, good family, wishes live with family two months summer. Object improve English. Similar arrangement in return to English boy wishing learn French, or come as paying guest. Resident Rabat, Morocco. Box 8621.

CHILDREN'S holidays with riding. Parndon Hall, Harlow, offers country holidays with every amenity for children's enjoyment; eight ponies with resident Instructress; riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organise games and excursions. Vacancies Aug. and Sept. From 4½gns. Apply Principal, Mrs. K. Clare.

FLAT, S/C., k. & b., constant h. & c., central heating, offered in exch. work (house & (opt.) land), poss. of pay. Heart of Malvern (cultural centre), 3 infants, suit woman with another. Box 8506.

PARENTS who may be interested in opening a small residential school for young non-speaking children (under a medical expert) are invited to write to Box 8546.

RAMBLERS, London. Come walking with us. Send for programme, Metro Rambling Club. Box 8497.

STUD./painter/writer? Studio rm. in Highgate garden in exch. part-time help. Sm. flat and 2 children at day school. Box 8549.

CORNWALL. Furn. flat, 2 rooms & kit. Lovely view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. August on. Box 8561.

HOST Family in London with children over 18 required for French lady who is willing to pay £6 p.w. Box 8563.

MAJORCA seaside flat to let, sleep 5. Servant available. June-Oct. FLA. 8667.

YOUNG couple planning Continental tour July/August in ex-taxi would like others to join them. Box 8663.

SPANIARD, 25, wishes exchange hospitality London/near, July, Aug., Sept. for any time Bilbao. Suggestions. Del Pozo, 43, The Fairway, Wembley.

MAN 35 seeks companion (m.) for holiday in Aug. Austria/Germany. Box 8592.

S. DEVON, 'twixt moors and sea; chalet; Merrington, Ermington. Modbury 362.

CAR owner, country lover, planning small parties for holidays and week-ends, invites enquiries and suggestions. Box 8559.

CHILDREN'S House party, Bexhill. Brochure: Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49, Coborn Rd., London, E.3. ADV. 2186.

YOUNG lady reqd. join party, 3-week Continental tour. July/Aug. BAY. 0856.

YOUNG woman, good mixer, fairly good appearance, sks. work, temp./perm., pref. in London. Indoor or outdoor. Box 8715.

WHO would like to be only Guest (male) in small quiet civilised family? Best part Surrey, 5 m. Guildford. Bus on doorstep. Ideal for peaceful, intell. work, prof./delicate person. Fr. 5gns. depend. reqs. Box 8716.

MONEY for poets. Sentimental and snappy 4, 6, 8, 12-line verses for Birthday and Xmas greeting cards well rewarded. Write in first instance to Box 8737.

STATISTICS. Private tuition required at undergraduate level. Social application essential with real teaching ability. State fees. Box 8697.

GENT motoring Devon end June sks. fellow traveller (m.). Share exps. Box 8798.

FINANCIAL backing wanted to total £300, Folk Music project with bus, prospects. Min. sub. accepted £25. AMB. 5322.

SPAIN, Tossa, Barcelona, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

BARGAIN Holidays by Air, Austria, Switzerland. 15 days £29 to £37 10s. incl. coach trips. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, Portugal, France, Spain. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls willing help with children and light housework—pocket money—available immed. for 3-12 months. Ref. exchanged. Booking for Sept. invited. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

MUSIC Festival Tours to Salzburg, Bayreuth, Munich and Edinburgh, arranged by the National Union of Students. Prices include tickets for Festival performances. Write now for full information on our Summer Programme to N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

HOLIDAY Bargains. No better value than our Swiss house party on the shores of Lake Geneva July 30 to September 12. 16 days' holiday with air travel, full board, teas, baths and French language practice, £38; with rail travel, £31 10s. Tyrolean holidays July 2, 16, 30 and August 13 from 25gns. Norwegian walking holiday August 4 to 18, £35 10s. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

FAMILY Holiday: Parents and children alike will enjoy themselves at our house party by the sea in Cornwall, July 30 to August 29. Bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. Supervision of children when required. 7gns. p.w. inclusive. Children under 5 half-price, reductions for families of more than 3 members. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

CULTURAL Holiday in Yugoslavia. 16-day grand luxury coach tour visiting Ljubljana, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik (5 days), Sibenik, Crikvenica, Bled. Conducted by university lecturer. 52gns. inclusive of all excursions and visit to Kotor and Cetinje. Split and Dubrovnik—rail and sea cruise, 16 days 39gns. 3rd class sleepers available. Send for free illustrated brochure to See Yugoslavia, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

SAIL on a Soviet ship to Finland. 18-day cruise and tour for 52gns. Departures July 2 and 23, Aug. 13, Sept. 3. Send for ill. broch. to Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

PARIS. We can make inexpensive arrangements for people wanting a Paris holiday. Our holiday programme includes completely independent holidays, with dinner, bed and breakfast only supplied, leaving you free to go where you will for lunch; & also fully incl. party tours. Write for details Paris holidays to R.A. Services, 48(R3) Park Road, N.W.1.

CORSICA by Air for the ideal Mediterranean holiday at prices you can afford. Good food, fine local wine, exceptional facilities for swimming (sandy beach a mile long and also rock bathing), wild mountain scenery, many interesting excursions. Return air fare and full board and accommodation from £43 10s. to £52. Enjoy 14 carefree, sunny days at the beautiful Bay of Calvi. Write or 'phone for brochure to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

AN unusual first-class tour of Spain including Andorra and eight days on Majorca. 15 days, 57gns. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

IT is never too late for a summer holiday in Madeira! Madeira island has sunshine, warmth and flowers the whole year round. Swimming, boating, fishing and many outdoor recreations. The magnificent scenery of this colourful resort, the charm and friendliness of the people, all go to make Madeira a favourite among holiday makers. Full details from Casa de Portugal, 20 Lower Regent St., W.1, your travel agent, or write direct to Delegacao de Turismo da Madeira, Funchal.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea & country. Every care. Open all year. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547 & 62783.

PRIVATE portraits of public personages (and vice-versa . . . especially those who usually hate the camera) are the special province of John Vickers, 29b Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. Tel. VIC. 4915.

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OLIVERS of Mayfair for the cheapest and best holidays abroad. 16 Cork Street, London, W.1.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 7963.

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PERSONAL—continued

"THE Traveller In Italy" is an entirely new, completely up-to-date guide to conversation for the traveller who knows little or no Italian, which will be indispensable from the moment he sets foot in the country. 3s. net from all booksellers. Publ. by Cassell.

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MEETINGS, lects. Irving Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, seats 100, avlble. fr. 10.30.

P.S. One could scarcely expect—so late in the year—to find a place free in a Harold Ingham Summer School Abroad. (But "no harm in asking"—there may be an odd place to spare in one party or another.) However, it would be a wise move to put your name down now for the 1954/5 Ski Programme or the 1955 Summer Schools programme. Present disappointment may then be transformed into later satisfaction. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow—please don't 'phone before October—too busy just now.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE World of Mr. Attlee," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., a review article of the Labour Party Leader's autobiography, appears in the June Labour Monthly. Also: "War or Peace in South East Asia," by Gordon Schaffer; "Canada and the U.S. Python," by Tim Buck. 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half year's sub. from N.S.L., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

DUFF Cooper. A very few copies are available of the late Lord Norwich's "Translations and Verses" in the original limited edition of 600 copies. Printed on hand-made paper and beautifully bound in scarlet buckram. 15s. The Dropmore Press, 9 Great James St., London, W.C.1.

CONTENTS of June "Plebs": "Butler's Budget," by Rt. Hon. A. Woodburn, M.P.; "Helping Backward Peoples," by Florence Nichol; "Adventures with a Tape Recorder," by Raymond Fletcher; "Where Goes Britain?" by John Bright; "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "Two Loaves and a Lily," by M. T. Sweeney; and "British Honduras," by J. F. Horrabin. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. p.a. from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

HOLIDAYS Can be Heaven or just another way of using up time. "Plan Your Holiday," by Dr. C. V. Pink, in the current number of "The Farmer," is full of suggestions to turn your time into a tonic—mental and physical. Read also "Fishes for Pigs"; "Thro' the Doctor's Letterbox"; "Dodging Sudden Death"; "Baking with Oatmeal and Potatoes." Edited by Newman Turner from Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury. 2s. 6d. a quarter or 10s. a year post free.

"CLOCHEMERLE-Babylone." New novel by Gabriel Chevallier (in French). Wrappers 15s. 6d. p.f. Bound 18s. p.f. Anglo-French, 72 Charlotte Street, W.1.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MR. Colin Clark has written an important pamphlet, "Free Trade an Immediate Remedy for Britain's Economy," 2s 3d. from City Press, 4 Angel Court—the City of London Newspaper.

COOKERY Classics of the Century. "Indian Cookery," by Veerasawmy, 224 pages, the only authentic Indian Cook book. Outstanding, 10s. 6d. Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations." 640 pages, complete 16s., and her "Mushroom Recipes," only 7s. 6d. Published by Arco Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1 and available from all good booksellers.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

SCHOOLS

LAKE District, Kings School, Ambleside. Boarding & Day School for Boys. Principal: C. V. Hales, B.A. Ambleside 3108.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30 (Sun. Club June 13, 7.45), "Johnny Noble" and "The Flying Doctor." Sun., June 20, 7.30, Ken Collyer's Jazz Men.

ARTS. 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Impresario from Smyrna." Mems. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemsker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

NEW Lindsey. Bay. 2512, 8 (ex. M.), Sun. 5 & 8. The Plough & The Stars. Mems.

IRVING, Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. Intimate Revue.

LONDON Jewish Society—"Nize Baby!" An informal evening with Leonard Sachs, actor and broadcaster, formerly of the Players Theatre. Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St. Tuesday, June 15, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525 Until June 27; Jacques Tati in "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 12. Charles Laughton in "Ruggles of Red Gap" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., June 13, 7.30. "La Belle Image." (A) France.

CHILDREN'S Film Show, Soviet colour cartoons, etc. Sunday, June 13, 3 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission, adults, 2s. 6d., children 1s.

CLUB Vienna, 209 Baker St. (opp. Station). Continental dancing every Sunday, 7.45. Adm. 5s., yrly. mem. 1s. Espresso bar.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Dance, Sat., June 19, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

J.A.C. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Members and Friends. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

THE Younger People's Section of The Technion Society presents the first of their informal summer dances on Thursday, June 17, at the Vienna Café, Baker Street. Dancing 7.30-11 p.m. 6s. 6d.

I.C.A., Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, 8-11 p.m., Sat., June 12, at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover Street, W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Mem'ship. invited.

CRYSTAL Palace. International Dance Festival and South Suburban Co-operative Day Fair in aid of United Nations Children's Fund. Saturday, July 3, 2 p.m.-11 p.m. 200 Dancers, including Spanish, Scandinavian, Balkan, South American, West Indian, Scottish and Irish with colourful costumes. Hanwell Silver Band. London Pipe Band. Children's Funfair. Cinema, Sideshows, Exhibition, Firework Display. Grounds 2s., Children 1s. Festival Performances 3 p.m., 8 p.m., 2s. 6d. Children 1s. 6d. Refreshments. Car Park.

CONCERTS

LONDON Symphony Orchestra Jubilee Concert, Royal Festival Hall, Sunday, June 13 at 7.45, Conductor Sir John Barbirolli. Polonaise Arietta and Passacaglia, Handel-Harty; Violin Concerto, Elgar (soloist Campoli); Bass Tuba Concerto, Vaughan Williams (1st perf., soloist Philip Catelinet); A Colour Symphony, Bliss (Conducted by the Composer). 15s. to 5s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room. Thurs., June 17, at 8.15. Raymond Cohen—Violin Recital. Wks. by Bach, Beethoven, Prokofieff, Suk, Bloch & Saint-Saens. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ERIC Harrison. Pianoforte Recital. Wigmore Hall, Friday, June 18, at 7.30. Fantasia in C minor, French Suite in C minor (Bach); Sonata in A minor, K.310 (Mozart); Eroica Variations and Fugue, Op. 35 (Beethoven); Pictures at an Exhibition (Moussorgsky). Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s. Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

POLISH Cultural Institute presents a concert of Polish Choral Music of the 16th Century; Wigmore Hall, Thurs., June 17, 7.30. Renaissance Singers, conductor Michael Howard, also Szymanowski, String Quartet, Op. 56, and Kleczynski, String Trio No. 2. Kanga Quartet. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. Welbeck 2141 and usual agents.

BACH recitals by William J. Tubbs. Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone. Tues. June 15. Mondays June 21 to July 26, 7.30.

BEN Uri Art Society. Recital by Raphael Markus (violin), Alan Reddish (piano). Sunday, June 13 at 8 p.m. Dalcroze Hall, 10A Newton Road, Westbourne Grove, W.2. Visitors 2s.

SATURDAY, June 12, 8 p.m., Morley College Choir, Jan Sedivka Chamber Ensemble, Diana Merrien, piano, Jan Sedivka, violin. Concertos by Vaughan Williams, J. C. Bach, Vivaldi and Boyce, Motets by Taverner, Peerson, Schutz, etc. Church of St. Thomas, Regent St., W.1. Adm. by programme 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

K.C.S. Paniker, Exhibition of Paintings at India House, Aldwych, W.C.2. 10-6 p.m. daily, exc. Suns., until June 18.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Turnstile Prints just published. Monet's "Vetheuil" & Vlaminck's "Street Scene" each 45s. plus tax 10s. 8d. From all good print shops or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Braque—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1953. Members free, non-members 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Last three days. Friday and Saturday 11-6. Sunday 2-6.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 25. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 (Tues., July 6, 10-6), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: first Exhibition: 9 painters from Rome. May 25-July 10. Mon.-Fri., 10-1; 2.30-8; Sat. 10-1.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. Opens June 15. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Sandra Blow, and First Exhibition by Peter Kinley. Closing Sat. From Wed., June 16: Jean Lurçat. Drawings, Gouaches, Oils, Pottery and Tapestry, period between 1915 and 1954.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LEGER Galleries, 13 Old Bond St., W.1. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until June 26. Sketches of India & Pakistan by F. Joss ("Joss" of the "Star").

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jacob Bornfriend and Leonard Rosoman.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings & Drawings by Alan Reynolds; First Exhibition of Paintings by Jack Taylor. 10-1, Sat. 10-6. Closes July 3.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George's St., W.1. Francis Bacon paintings, William Scott drawings. Until July 16.

PICCADILLY Gallery. Graphic work by Laurie. Paintings & Drawings by David Tindle. June 10-22. 16 Piccadilly Arcade.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

ANDRE Costa will exhibit a small collection of his watercolours of India and Burma during the week of June 14 in "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. A special display of Scandinavian furniture also on view.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel-Bonnard-Vuillard. Until June 12. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANTI-SLAVERY Society Annual Meeting. Dr. Duguid on the Aborigines of Australia. Mr. C. W. W. Greenidge on "Slavery at the United Nations." 2.30 p.m. Tues. June 15, Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster. All interested cordially invited.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday, June 13, 8.15 p.m. Play Reading: "Him" by e. e. cummings. Produced by Tony Richardson, with George Devine, Margaret Vines, Harold Lang. June 17, 8.15 p.m., Discussion, Advertising and the Arts, Speakers: John Beard, Macdonald Hastings, Ashley Havinden, F. C. Hooper, Anne Scott-James. Chairman: Misha Black. Members 2s. Guests 3s. Mem. invited.

"TOWARDS a National Policy for Recreation." Five open discussions at St. Anne's Church Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30. Mon., June 21. Rt. Hon. P. Noel Baker, "Athletics and Swimming." Mon., June 28. J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., "Association Football—After Budapest!" Mon., July 5. Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., "National Parks and Pleasure Grounds." Mon., July 12. "The Theatre in Britain," Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. July 19. "The British Film Industry," George Elvin, M.P. Arr. by Brit. Workers' Sports Assn. Adm. Mems. and Affiliates 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. each Mtg. Half-price L.O.Y., Students.

MEMORIAL Meeting for Ethel & Julius Rosenberg (Electrocuted June 19, 1953). Speakers: D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Monica Whately and others. Chairman: Rev. Stanley Evans. Choir, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1. Monday, June 21, 7.30 p.m. Ent. 6d.

TEN Years of Polish Films. "The Last Stage," "The Young Chopin" and other famous Polish films described and illustrated by British film makers. All welcome. Rfmts. Fri., June 18, 7.45 p.m. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Neil Middleton of the Catholic Evidence Guild on "The Catholic Church and Social Questions" at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. on Monday, June 14, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

THE Business and Professional Forum. "Is a Re-armed Germany a Menace to Britain?" A discussion between Mr. Ben Parkin, M.P., & Mr. Heinrich Fraenkel. Thursday, June 24, 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri. June 11, 8 p.m. Fred Jarvis (President N.U.S.). Impressions of a tour in Soviet Russia. Fri. June 18, 8 p.m. A. Halpern on "Chernichevsky: his influence on Lenin."

"CLAYS and Sands in the Negev," talk by Dr. H. Simons, Mining Geologist, Wed., June 16, at Anglo-Israel Club, 43 Great Windmill St., London, W.1. P.A.T.W.A. members and others welcome.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15. Fri., June 18, Mr. Claude Houghton: "Influence of Imagination on Action." Chair: Mr. D. L. Murray, 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Jun. 11. B. A. Stevenay, "Are Animal Experiments Justified?" Friday, Jun. 18. V. Alcock, "The Coloured Man in London."

M. L. BURNET: "Non-Attachment." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 13, at 6.30 p.m.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for June 15: "The Nature of the Self." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., June 17, 7.30: "The Upanishads."

MAO Tse-tung on Literature and the Arts. Wed., June 23, 7.30, Friends House. Further details this page next week. Arts and Sciences Committee, B.C.F.A.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 13. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Matthew Arnold in Perspective." Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

GERMAN Rearmament Conference: Sat., June 26, 2.30 p.m., Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane (Mansion Hse. Stn.). Spkrs.: Kenneth Younger, M.P., Frank Beswick, M.P. Tkts. 1s. 6d. from Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., June 16, 7.30. George Darling, M.P.: "The Co-operative Movement in a Socialist Society." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Adlerian Attitude in Treating the Physically and Mentally Handicapped," Kathleen H. Thompson, M.A.O.T. Friday, June 18, at 7.30 punctually. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

YOGA. Postures, breathing, relaxation. Monday, June 14, 7.30 p.m., at 22d Ebury Street, Victoria, S.W.1. Adm. 2s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 19 at 6 p.m. M. Jean de Lafforest: "Au son de mon binjou."

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. "The Nature of Human Nature." Jun. 25-27. (Next week: Psychology; Music.)

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MONTESSORI 34th International Diploma Course will be held in London from September 29, 1954, to March 31, 1955. Open to psychologists, therapists, teachers, nurses and parents. Preliminary Course for parents and governesses, September 29 to December 18, 1954. Lectures three evenings per week. These are the only courses in London authorised by the International Montessori Association (A.M.I.), and embody much new material in scientific pedagogy and child psychology derived from the latest international research conducted by the A.M.I. Prospectus on application to Sec., Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, W.1. MUSeum 7425.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Adult Residential College, Dalkeith, Midlothian, is now open for applications from prospective students for session 1954-55, commencing October 4, 1954. The purpose of the College is to provide a suitable non-vocational education for adults over 18 years of age. It offers courses in English Language and Literature, History, Economics and Economic History, including Trade Union History, Philosophy, Psychology, Government and Political Theory, Human Relations in Industry, and aims to fit students to take their place as good citizens with a knowledge of our free heritage. For further information apply to the Warden, Edwin Muir, C.B.E., LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L., F.R.S.L., Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith.

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SECRETARIAL Courses. No fees Londoners under 18. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5.

GREGG Shorthand—Intensive Courses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 771

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 769—771

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1929. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.